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THE WATER-SIDE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The wielding beach binds round the bight,
The willow droops into the wave,
The water-lillies gleaming white
Their petals softly lave.

Bright star-flowers are peering there,
And pales ones lift up their eyes
Upon the light the ripples wear,
And on the cloudless skies.

The pearly shell dills at the brink
From limpid waters waving high,
And shining fish arise and sink
As sounds the lake-bird's cry.

The dipping oar breaks the repose
Of golden sunbeams in its way,
That gild the eddies which it throws
Across the beaming bay.

Near where the rocks like bulwarks stand,
A-lingering with a sweet delay,
Upon the white and yielding sand
Two lovers idly stray.

At morn or eve the spot is dear,
When waters foam or lie at rest,
When clouds in shining gold appear,
Or in more sombre garb are drest.

THE CUBAN PATRIOT;

OR,

THE PILOT AND THE SPY.

A STORY

Founded upon the romantic realities of the present bitter struggle in "The Gem of the Antilles."

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "THE SPECTRE YACHT," "THE MASKED SPY," "OUT OF THE GUTTER," "THE SURF ANGEL," "TRACKED THROUGH LIFE," &c., &c., &c.

LEON OVERHEARS A PLOT.

CHAPTER III.—(*Concluded.*)

"What, you going in that way?" asked Dido in surprise.

"Spaniards never show mercy, Dido. If we are caught, our doom is *death*, so I'll risk the Shark's Back, for you remember one day we went in that way?"

"Yes, but there was no storm then, Marse Leon."

True; but by the break in the waves we can follow the channel, and once around the point of the largest reef, we can find a secure anchorage until the storm blows over, and then the steamer cannot come in range of us. By Jove, that was pretty close," continued Leon, as a shot buried itself only a few feet astern of them.

On darted the little boat, dipping deep into the sea, and shipping quantities of spray, but holding her steadily on her course the daring pilot determined to run the risk of entering the reef, rather than fall again into the hands of the Spaniards.

Half an hour after the escape of the fugitives, Captain Vanloo ascended to the deck, and was startled to see Elinor leaning over the quarter-rail and glancing astern of the ship.

"Why, my daughter, I believed you had retired long ago, he exclaimed angrily.

"No, father, I have been better employed than had I been sleeping."

"What mean you, Elinor?"

"Simply to prevent disgrace coming upon the name of Vanloo, I have aided Mr. Delmont and his man to escape."

"What? *You* have done this—how and when? Speak! Why have you thus defied my authority?" cried the enraged commander.

"Because I did not wish Mr. Delmont to die—therefore I told Señor Martinez that you had changed your mind, and desired him to release the prisoner."

"And he did so."

"Do you observe that sail to landward—now it was on a wave—that boat contains the man you would have murdered."

"Ho! the guard! arrest the officer of the deck at once, and bring him here! ho! the wheel! helmsman put the ship about and head for the land—ha! Lieutenant Fanchon, take command of the ship, and overhaul yonder boat, while I make my own daughter a prisoner in her stateroom," and calling to Elinor to follow him, the captain turned to descend to the cabin; but as quick as a flash the maiden sprang forward, seized a red lantern, and whirled it around her head three times.

"Now, sir, I am your prisoner;" she said quietly. And with a muttered curse and an order to his lieutenant to open fire upon the boat as soon as he was in range, Captain Vanloo entered the cabin holding firmly to his daughter's arm.

In vain did the commander remonstrate with Elinor, she was unrepentant, and boldly asserted she had done but right, and begged that as Señor Martinez had but obeyed her, and she had frequently carried orders before, he should be released from arrest.

Angry with the maiden, and furious that Leon had escaped him, Captain Vanloo returned to the deck, and after consulting Lieutenant Fanchon, ordered the release of Señor Martinez, and then devoted himself to the capture of the pilot.

But useless was every endeavor, for all from the Tampa's deck watched the little boat until they saw it disappear in the midst of foaming breakers, and then they could see it no more.

"He has met his doom now, captain, for see the breakers have engulphed the boat."

"Not, he, lieutenant, for he has evidently sought some refuge there, knowing the coast as he does, and from it can laugh at us; curses on him, I will yet have him in my power, and—"

"Breakers ahead!" rang out a warning voice from the bow, and quickly the steamer was brought round, and headed seaward, to once more endeavor to fall in with the fleet Foxhound, which all believed had run again away from the land, after eluding them in the Island harbor.

CHAPTER IV.

THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

Stand firm for your country, and become a man,
Honor'd and lov'd: it were a noble life
To be found dead embracing her
—*Johnson's Catiline.*

Some twenty-four years previous to the incidents mentioned in the preceding chapters of this story, a young officer, attached to an American man-of-war then lying in the harbor of Havana, was returning to his ship late one night from some scene of revel, when he was startled by a loud cry, in a woman's voice, for help.

With rapid steps he went in the direction of the sound, with his drawn sword and pistol ready for action, and in a moment came upon a scene of outrage, perpetrated upon the occupants of a stylish turnout that had been forcibly stopped upon the highway.

It was near the water-side, and the young officer knew that his boat awaited him, so loudly calling the coxswain to his aid, he sprang forward and struck down a burly villain who was attempting to drag from the vehicle the senseless form of a man.

A shot from his pistol sent another scoundrel to the earth, just as the boat's crew arrived, in time to check the frightened horses, which had been held by two of the attacking party, they having slain the coachman and put the footman to flight.

"Oh, señor! Mary Mother will bless you for your goodness; but see, is my poor, poor father alive;" and there sprang from the carriage a vision of loveliness, such as the young officer had never seen before, and before her earnest gaze he trembled so as to be hardly cognizant of his actions.

At length, collecting his faculties, he examined the senseless form of the man he supported, a fine-looking, elderly gentleman, of distinguished appearance, and said:

"Your father is only stunned, senorita, from this blow on his forehead; how can I serve you?"

"By accompanying us to the mansion, only a short drive from here. Ah! here comes my footman."

Nothing loath to remain in such pleasant companionship, the American gladly assented, and accompanied the lovely maiden and her father home, where the latter soon recovered, to thank in person their brave deliverer.

Thus commenced an intimacy between Noel Delmont, a lieutenant in the navy of the United States, and Corinne Cisneros, the only child of one of the wealthiest planters in Cuba, and whose reputed habit of carrying with him large sums of money had brought upon himself and daughter the attack from the robbers, whose object was so daringly frustrated by the young American.

A year passed, and the acquaintanceship changed into friendship, then ripened into love between the young officer and the Cuban heiress—a love which ended in their marriage, and the American resigning his commission, and becoming a Cuban planter.

Ten years passed of happy married life, and then the lovely Cuban woman became a widow, with two children, Leon and Faustine to cheer her loneliness.

The children grew up under the eye of their mother, receiving their education from a private tutor, who was not only a superior scholar, but an adept in all out-door sports, and therefore spared no pains in teaching his pupils all that was in his power.

Thus, while Leon became a bold horseman, an expert swimmer, a superb shot and swordsman, and a thorough sailor, his sister Faustine was also a superior horsewoman, and could use both a pistol and rifle with dexterity, as well as row and sail a boat.

Señora Delmont was glad to see her children's physical as well as mental training attended to, and felt more at ease to know that in danger they were well able to take care of themselves.

By the time he reached his eighteenth year, Leon Delmont was known as one of the best sailors on the coast, and all yielded to him in his thorough knowledge of the channels and reefs within many miles around. So fond had the youth become of the sea, that his mother yielded to his entreaties, and procured for him an appointment in the Spanish navy.

Rapidly did he win his way up the scale of rank, and his generosity, manly deportment and kindly disposition rendered him most popular among both his brother officers and the crew.

Early in his twenty-first year, Leon had been ordered as a lieutenant on board the Tampa, comanded by Captain Nunez Vanloo, one of the finest officers and most accomplished gentlemen in the Spanish service.

Captain Vanloo was a Spaniard by birth, a man of wealth, and had, since the death of his wife, three years before the opening of this story, kept his only child, Elinor, on board ship with him.

Therein lay a great attraction to the Tampa, for Elinor was all that was lovely, and lovable, and possessed suitors by the score; but still she guarded well her little heart, and though many knelt in entreaty at her shrine, they gained only friendly favor in her eyes; and yet, upon Leon, the youthful lieutenant, it was rumored aboard ship, that Elinor was wont to look with favor, and certain it was that the young Cuban felt for her the deepest adoration and love.

One night, when the Tampa was cruising in foreign seas, she was caught in a terrible gale, and Elinor, who was on the deck with her father, was suddenly embraced by a mighty wave, and borne off upon the sea, ere one effort could be made to save her: but instantly a dark form leaped into the seething waters and boldly struck out toward the girlish figure, still upheld by her clothing.

In the excitement, and the violence of the storm, it was some time ere the Tampa could be brought to, and the boats lowered, into one of which sprang Captain Vanloo, in an agony of grief, and into the other the executive officer, Lieutenant Urban Fanchon.

For minutes and minutes they rowed around, anxiously searching the storm-swept ocean for some sign of the maiden, or the brave man who had sprung to her rescue, but as they could see nothing of either of them, and it was only with the greatest difficulty the boats could be made to live, the commander, almost crushed by his heavy grief, reluctantly gave the order to return to the ship, when there came to their ears a faint hail.

"Hark! from whence came that cry?"

"Directly astern, sir," answered a seaman, and as he spoke again came the hail.

"Boats ahoy! help."

"Pull like devils, men," yelled Captain Vanloo, and away the boat darted over the mad waves, led on, ever and anon, by the ringing voice from the waters.

A hundred fathoms, and a cry of joy burst from the captain, as he descried, by a flash of lightning, the form of a man struggling in the waters, and bearing in his arms the insensible Elinor.

A few seconds of suspense, and the maiden was in her father's arms, while her brave preserver, more dead than alive, was supported by a couple of seamen.

"My child, my child, God be praised, you are saved," and then turning toward her brave preserver, he continued—

"What seaman has done me this service?"

There was no sound, and one of the seamen replied, "It is not one of the men, sir, it is Lieutenant Delmont."

"What, Leon Delmont; then I owe you the devotion of a lifetime."

The brave rescue of Elinor by Leon, did not win for the young lieutenant, the warm congratulations and admiration that might have been expected from his brother officers, but, on the contrary, caused him to be regarded with looks of envy, and even hatred, for all now felt that this act would certainly win Elinor's entire love to him.

Nor were they mistaken, for, from the day following her narrow escape, Elinor Vanloo and Leon Delmont were lovers, and the intimacy was not discouraged by the captain, who admired the young man for his many noble qualities, and also knew that as regarded family, he was his daughter's equal, and in wealth, he could boast of possessing double his own fortune.

And yet there was an "enemy in the camp," for Urban Fanchon loved Elinor with his whole heart, and being poor and ambitious was struggling hard to rise as an officer, and anxious at the same time to obtain wealth by a marriage with his commander's daughter.

From the moment that his quick eye first discovered the preference shown by Elinor for Leon, he disliked the young man; and when it was by the courage of the junior lieutenant that the maiden's life had been saved, he hated him with all the strength of his nature, and by every underhand means in his power strove to turn Captain Vanloo against him.

At length the "lone star flag" of Cuba was raised by the brave patriots, and the Tampa was ordered to the shores of the "ever faithful isle," and this opportunity was not lost by Urban Fanchon to add fuel to the flame of distrust already started against Leon, whose feelings toward his native land were well known, for most freely had he given expression to them.

The night following the arrival of the Tampa in the harbor of Havana, Leon sought Captain Vanloo in his cabin, and after telling him how dearly he loved his daughter, confessed that Elinor had given him permission to ask her father's sanction to their marriage.

"Never, sir! Elinor shall not marry an infernal traitor, a man who would betray his country and his flag," cried Captain Vanloo, violently.

"I do not understand you, captain," returned Leon, astonished at the wild manner of his commander, and wondering what had caused this sudden change in his bearing toward him.

"Do not understand me, sir? Then perhaps you will tell me what are your intentions should you marry my daughter?"

"To resign my commission, and to live upon my plantation with my mother and sister."

"You are a Cuban, Señor Delmont?"

"I am, sir."

"You sympathize with them in their present mad rebellion?"

"They have my full sympathy, Captain Vanloo."

"Then, I now accept your resignation as an officer of Spain, Señor Delmont."

"As you please; it has already been offered."

"Therefore I look upon you as a rebellious man. You are a traitor, and this interview shall be our last, and within ten minutes you must leave the ship," cried the enraged Spaniard.

"You are determined not to permit me to again meet Señorita Vanloo?"

"I am determined—within ten minutes leave this ship. Adios."

"Adios, Captain Vanloo, one of these days we may meet again.

So saying Leon Delmont turned from the cabin, and in half an hour was in the streets of Havana.

He remained in the city for a week or more, anxious to obtain some opportunity of meeting Elinor, from whom he had received a short note, declaring that she would ever remain true to him; but her father's close espionage of his daughter's movements prevented the lovers meeting, and with a heavy heart Leon left Havana for his plantation home, where he was most warmly welcomed by his loving mother and sister, and rejoiced to feel that they approved his resignation from the navy of Spain, because he would not serve against his native land.

A few months passed, and in the presence of his mother and Faustine, and the old remembered haunts, Leon became again cheerful; but still a dread of trouble came upon him, for daily the news of Spanish tyranny toward his countrymen, and reverses to his patriot brethren in the field, under the gallant Cespedes, came to his ears, and well he knew that ere long he must also move in his country's defence, and eagerly did he long for the time to come when he could strike some gallant blow for Cuba, and thus aid in wresting the beautiful isle from beneath the iron heel of Spain.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST BLOW FOR FREEDOM.

War, my lord,
Is of eternal use to human kind,
For ever and anon when you have pass'd
A few dull years in peace and propagation,
The world is over-stocked with fools, and wants
A pestilence at least, if not a hero.
—*Jaffrey's Edwin.*

Though three months had gone by since Leon had returned to his home, he had not remained idle, for, accompanied by his ever-faithful attendant, Dido, he had fully acquainted himself with every circumstance relating to military movements, the knowledge of the country, and every harbor and channel on the coast.

With the desire to be competent, to be of considerable service, when called into action, he had done this; and between himself and a number of the young, neighboring planters there existed a secret organization, holding itself ready to be called upon at a moment's notice.

Having yielded, in their boyhood days, to the superior prowess of Leon, the members of the little band were more than ever ready to acknowledge his superiority, after his years of naval service, and hence he was elected their leader, while Itervan Alvente, a wealthy, handsome and dashing young Cuban planter, was made second in command.

Between Leon and Itervan there existed the closest ties of friendship, each fully relying upon the other in all difficult and dangerous undertakings; and their friendship was the more firmly cemented by the deep love borne by the latter for the lovely Faustine who, in return, was not wholly unwilling to accept the love and admiration of the handsome young planter, who lived in bachelor glory upon the estate adjoining Seaside Rest, as the home of the Delmonts was known.

Returning afoot from a short gunning tramp, one afternoon, Leon Delmont threw himself by the roadside to rest, and was dozing away quietly, when the sound of voices startled him, and glancing up he saw that two men had halted beneath the same tree that sheltered him, to escape for a short time from the fiery rays of the sun.

Neither had discovered the presence of Leon, and he was about to rise, when their appearance caused him to change his mind; for one was dressed in the uniform of a Spanish officer and the other was a planter, whom the young man recognized as one who lived some dozen miles distant from Seaside Rest, and whom he suspected as being in full sympathy with the Spaniards, and against his own countrymen.

"It is really very warm, señor," said the officer to the planter, as he raised his hat and cooled his head.

"Not as hot as you're likely to make it for those fellows in the mountains, colonel," answered the other, with a laugh.

"No, and we might as well now decide upon our plans, so let us understand each other."

"Yes, señor."

"Well, in the Bird Glen, fifteen miles from here, are the men I told you of, and there are forty of them, under the command of Lieutenant Aquila.

"Now I will ride directly on to the camp of the insurgents, make my intentions known to desert to their lines, and prove my good intentions by giving over those maps and copies of dispatches and movements, all of which are real, only they are not to be acted upon on the days here stated.

"After I have been three days in the insurgents' camps, and learned their numbers, intended moves and all their places on the coast for receiving arms and munitions of war, I shall propose to lead a small expedition to a spot where I will tell them they can make a few important captures—that is to your house."

"I understand, colonel."

"Yes, and you are to entertain us most hospitably, for *your sympathies, you know, señor, are with the Patriots*, and then the troop, under Aquila, are to surround the house and *make us all prisoners*."

"A capital plan, ha, ha, ha; you'll yet be a general," laughed the planter, and the noise of his voice drowned the ominous click, click of Leon's shot-gun, for fearing he might be discovered he stood ready to empty a barrel into the faces of each of the men before him.

"Now you understand all, señor?"

"Like a book, colonel."

"The troop is at the Bird Glen at the mountain's base, and the password you are to give the guard on duty, when he challenges you, will simply be *Cespedes*."

"All right, colonel."

"Then now I shall leave you, for I wish to stop for a call at the Seaside Rest, and visit Señora Delmont and her lovely daughter, both of whom I met last winter in Havana. *Adios*."

"Adios, colonel."

A moment more and they had gone, and with a sigh of relief Leon bounded to his feet, and at full speed darted away across the fields toward Seaside Rest.

Arriving there almost breathless from his long run, he called to Dido, and ordered him to at once put the saddle on his favorite horse, and to then ride over himself and tell Señor Alvente to come to the mansion at nine o'clock that evening, and to bring with him the band.

"And, Dido," called out Leon as the negro rode away, "tell Itervan that if *I* should not be back at the mansion by the time named, to come and seek me on the road to the patriot camps."

"Yes, Marse Leon," and away dashed Dido, while Leon entered the house, and seeking his room thoroughly armed himself with pistols and sword, and soon after rode away from the plantation on the broad highway leading toward the mountains.

Toward nightfall of the same day, the Spanish officer whom Leon had seen talking with the disloyal planter, and whose horse he had afterward been told by Dido was in the Seaside Rest stables, was riding rapidly along, bound on the perilous mission which he had made known to his accomplice, when he drew rein suddenly, as he descried a horseman directly in his path.

"Well, señor, what would you?" haughtily asked the Spaniard as he halted a few paces from the horseman.

"You are Colonel Trafalgar, I believe?"

"I am."

"I am Leon Delmont, late an officer of the Spanish Navy."

"Why, Mr. Delmont, I am glad to meet you; I just left your plantation, and both your mother and sister regretted you were not present—for I have never had the honor of meeting you before," and Colonel Trafalgar extended his hand, although something about Leon's manner puzzled him.

"And yet we have met before, Colonel."

"Indeed! am I so remiss in memory?"

"Your memory is not to blame, señor, for you did not see *me*, though I saw *you*."

"And where, pray tell me?"

"About three hours since, when you stopped to rest beneath a tree by the roadside—"

"Did you hear what passed, then?" asked the Spaniard, as his cheek paled.

"I did, sir."

"Then I shall rely upon your honor—"

"Why should a Cuban have honor in his dealings with a Spaniard?"

"Ha! that's your game—you are then—"

"*A Cuban Patriot*, Colonel Trafalgar."

"A traitor—a—"

"Beware, señor."

"And why should I beware when addressing a traitor?"

"Because you may have to eat your own words," answered Leon quietly.

"Insulter! You have then met me here for a purpose?"

"I have—you are my prisoner."

"That's to be seen. You wear a sword.

Draw and defend yourself," and Colonel Trafalgar sprang to the ground, and Leon quickly followed his example, at the same time taking from his saddle-horn the sword he had brought.

Without awaiting until the Cuban was ready, the Spaniard attacked him with fury, determined to drive his sword through his heart, for he knew the other held a dangerous secret against him.

Nimbly springing one side, Leon avoided the first thrust, and then drawing his sword, he met the savage attack of his antagonist.

Well matched in size, strength and weapons, the combat between the two was one of terrible earnestness, and neither gained the advantage; but at length the hardened muscles of the Cuban began to tell upon the Spaniard, whose gay city-life had taken from him some of his wonted vigor, for Colonel Trafalgar was one of the bravest men and finest swordsmen in the armies of Spain.

Gradually Leon pressed his foe backwards, step by step, until he could go no further, on account of a deep ditch, and then with renewed energy Colonel Trafalgar endeavored to disarm or kill his adversary.

"Yield yourself a prisoner, senor, and I will spare you," said Leon sternly.

"The game is not yet all in your hands, traitor," hissed the Spaniard, and, as if stung by the insulting epithet bestowed upon him, Leon pressed forward boldly, his eyes flashing, his lips tight set together, and every nerve in full play.

"Once more, will you yield?"

"Never, to a traitor."

"Then die!" and, by a skilful move, Leon got his weapon under the guard of the Spaniard's and drove it through his heart.

With a glance of hatred, a gasp, and a low groan Colonel Trafalgar sunk upon the ground a dead man, while his antagonist stood silently beside him, the breath coming quick and hard after his severe contest.

"Oh, God! this is war, and this is terrible; and yet I have served my poor suffering country by this, my first blow for freedom;" and while the brave youth gazed down sadly upon the deed his hand had wrought, his face quivered with emotion, for it was the first time his hand had taken the life of a fellow man.

Recovering from his fit of sadness, Leon hastily hid the body near the road-side, and mounting his horse, and calling to the steed of the slain man to follow, he rapidly dashed away on his return to the plantation, for darkness had come on and he was anxious to keep his appointment with Itervan Alvento.

Arriving at home he gave the two horses into the keeping of Dido, with orders to saddle him a fresh steed immediately as he had a long ride before him.

Entering the mansion Leon found that Itervan and some twenty young planters had arrived, and quickly asking them to accompany him, they started upon an expedition that their young leader had planned for the capture of the force left in Bird Glen by the Spanish colonel.

While *en route* to the glen, Leon made known to the band the particulars of his encounter with the Spaniard, and when the party arrived at the spot where the body was hidden, they quickly gave it burial, and then rode away at a rapid pace.

About midnight the band arrived under the shadow of the mountains, and slowly moved on until a loud hail brought them to a halt.

"Who comes there?" called a voice in stern tones.

"Friends," answered Leon.

"Dismount, advance, and give the countersign."

Quickly obeying the order, Leon advanced toward the sentinel, and giving the one word, "Cespedes," was told to move on, when, like lightning, he turned and brought the butt of his pistol down on the head of the Spaniard, who fell to the ground without a word.

"Now, boys, on, and let us strike a blow for Cuba," he cried in ringing tones, and away the horsemen dashed for half a mile, and came suddenly upon the camp of the Spanish troopers, who, taken by surprise, could offer but a feeble resistance to the wild onset.

Every Spaniard was slain, and without the loss of a Cuban, although several were slightly wounded.

"Now, Itervan, let the men collect the horses and arms, and I will dash on with them, accompanied by half a dozen men, to the patriot lines, and it will prove a godsend to them, and I believe the papers I took from the colonel will also prove of great service;" and the orders of the young commander were rapidly obeyed, and while the greater number of the patriot band dispersed, to return to their homes, Leon and half a dozen of his men started off at a quick pace for the camp of the Cubans, situated a number of miles further up in the mountains.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SPY.

To hallow'd duty,
Burn with a loyal and heroic heart,
Bind we our lives. —*Mrs. Osgood.*

Through the darkness of the night Leon Delmont and his little band of followers pressed ahead, up the steep mountain sides, and at daylight were challenged by the pickets belonging to the army of Cespedes.

"I would see the president," said Leon, bestowing upon the Cuban leader the rank conferred upon him by the patriots.

The guard at once discovered, from the followers of the young man, with their drove of horses fully equipped, that they came not as enemies, and Leon was conducted a mile further into the mountain recesses until he came upon an assemblage of tents presenting the unmistakable signs of a military encampment, one, though rude, bearing evidence of training and discipline; and a proud smile lit up his face as he saw the defiant flag of the infant republic thrown to the breeze, and from its height looking far down the mountain sides to where the ensign of Spain waved over her down-trodden people.

At a tent, larger than those surrounding it, and having a sentinel pacing his monotonous beat in front, Leon was halted by the guard, and his desire made known, to see the president.

A moment after he found himself in the presence of several men whose names were rapidly becoming distinguished as patriots devoted to the cause of suffering Cuba, and singling out Cespedes, he in a few polite but terse words made known to him the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted.

"Mr. Delmont," said the president, when he had attentively listened to all, "Mr. Delmont, you enter the service of your country with a glorious record, and I feel assured are destined to place your name high upon the scroll of her heroes, for your acts stand out in *bas relief*, and I give you my full confidence.

"Fortunately you have arrived at a most opportune moment, for I had thus early called a council of my generals to decide upon a movement I had intended making, and the steeds, arms and accoutrements you bring are indeed most welcome, for we have to arm ourselves from those whom we defeat in battle.

"Now sir, let me bestow upon you a partial reward for your service, and make you a captain of cavalry in the army of the Cuban patriots—nay more, I also tender you a commission as a naval officer, and these will give you the power to act, both on sea and land, for the best interests of this country. No thanks, hear me to the close. Did I appoint you to a place upon my personal staff, doubtless you could be of service, but you come too well presented by your own acts to allow you to remain here; no, you can serve us far more, and must therefore return to your home on the coast, keep your hand well prepared for action, for they shall be at once enrolled as soldiers of Cuba, and from there you must act, quietly, and in such a way as to be still thought friends to Spain."

"I must be a spy?" briefly questioned Leon.

"In fact, yes," returned Cespedes; and he then continued, "you must know, Captain Delmont, that our aid, in supplies and arms, comes from the land of free America, in whose service your father won gallant distinction; and hence it is most important to have upon our coast a safe and stated point where landings can be made, and, from what you say of the shores adjacent to your home, I do not know that a more secure place can be desired, and I am well assured that no better person can be found than yourself to conduct the landing of these expeditions and their safe guidance into the interior. Will you accept the important trust?"

"I will. I like not much the idea of being a spy, but yet I believe as such I can the more readily serve my country, and that is now the aim of my existence; and now, let me also, while thanking you for the commission bestowed upon me, ask one for my friend, Itervan Alvento."

"Assuredly; a lieutenancy shall at once be made out for him, and permit me now, sir, to request your company at breakfast, for rude though it be, you are welcome."

Night had barely settled upon the land ere Leon Delmont and his small band of followers took their departure from the patriot camp and set forth upon their return to the coast, for they were anxious to avoid all observation from any curious eyes unfriendly to their cause.

Their route home led them down the mountain, and through Bird Glen, where the night before the terrible scene of carnage had been enacted, and as the fall of their horses' hoofs startled from their covert hiding-places the birds of unclean prey, who with a heavy flap of their wings sought safety from intrusion deeper in the recesses of the forests, it caused Leon to feel how bitter indeed were the results of war, for around him lay dozens of stark forms, who but a day before had been alive and well, fearing yet hoping, and possessed, perhaps, with the same ambitious patriotism that animated his own bosom.

"This is indeed terrible, and oh, my poor struggling country, how many of thy best sons must lie thus in death, ere the lone star flag floats undisputed over thy hills and vales," he murmured to himself.

Without accident or discovery Leon arrived again at home, and dismissed his men, with instructions to assemble the next morning at Seaside Rest.

With joy he was welcomed home by his mother and sister, who had been most anxious regarding him; but to them he made no explanation as to where he had been, or the stirring scenes in which he had so actively participated, for he felt the time had not yet come for even those most dear to him to know that he was in the service of Cuba, and acting as a spy.

The following morning the band assembled, and in a few words Leon made known to them the result of his visit to Cespedes, and gave to Itervan Alvento the commission entrusted to him by the President.

"Now, gentlemen, our duty is plain," said the youth, after the members of the band were all assembled in his room at Seaside Rest.

"We must return to our homes and stand ready for instant action, and also keep ears and eyes open for the slightest movements of the Spaniards, whom in all our social relations we must treat with kindness, as to seek difficulties with them would ruin our entire plans, and cause us to be of little service to Cuba.

"I have knowledge of expeditions that will be ere long sent from the United States, and one and all of us must be on the alert to aid them and deceive our foes."

The young patriots then dispersed to their homes, excepting Itervan Alvento, who remained at the plantation to make a friendly call upon the ladies, and enjoy a more confidential conversation with his captain.

It was but a week after Leon's visit to the camp of Cespedes, that he is first brought to the notice of the reader, in the daring act of piloting the little Foxhound safely through the threatening dangers, and afterward going out to the rescue of the Tampa, which he likewise saved, though the vessel of an enemy.

Having now more fully presented my hero, and endeavored to interest the reader in the principal characters of my story, I will now, in the following chapter, return to the night of the storm which so nearly brought ruin upon two noble vessels and their gallant crews.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WATCHERS ON THE CLIFF.

Gird your hearts with silent fortitude,
Suffering, yet hoping all things.
—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Hardly had Leon Delmont disappeared down the path leading to the coast, with the intention of saving the small steamer from being captured by her pursuer, when Itervan Alvento rode up, and joined the mother and daughter, as they stood upon the cliff anxiously watching the progress of the two vessels, and the approaching storm.

"I am glad to see you, Itervan," said Senora Delmont, warmly greeting the young man, whom she had known since his boyhood, and always regarded most kindly.

"Thank you, Senora; and also you, Senorita," continued the young man, in answer to a bewildering look of welcome from the dark eyes of Faustine, and he stationed himself by their side as he resumed,

"I observed the chase yonder, from farther down the coast, and came over to see Leon about it."

"My son has just departed; see, yonder he goes in his sailboat to board and save the little vessel, which is a privateer, we think."

"True, for see she has just displayed the flag of the Republic, in answer to the signal set by Leon."

"It is my flag, and first raised in the face of a foe," cried Faustine with enthusiasm, while her mother, whose eyes lighted up also, said softly,

"Leon is bold. Holy Mother, guard him from harm."

"Would I were with him in the good work he is now bent on. I would give my soul to serve Cuba."

Itervan spoke with an energy that startled his hearers, and his dark face grew darker, his eyes burned with feeling, and caused the mother and daughter to dread lest his high spirit should bring him trouble, for well they knew that Spain had her spies in almost every community of the island.

"I would that all of Cuba's sons were of the same heart—but behold!"

As Senora Delmont spoke, Leon reached the steamer and was taken aboard, while Faustine fervently prayed,

"Holy Mother, guard him now."

Anxiously the little party, now increased by the advent of a number of the faithful house-servants, watched every movement of the graceful vessel until she gained an offing and was saved, and then they stood in silence awaiting the return of the bold pilot; but an hour thus passed, and the storm threatening, Senora Delmont and Faustine sought the house for shelter; and yet as the minutes flew by and still Leon came not, they once more, after wrapping themselves in waterproofs, sought the edge of the cliff, where Itervan still remained; for having seen the youth leave the steamer and stand in toward the shore, they could not understand why he did not come. Mingling with the wail of the approaching tempest they heard the loud guns of the Spaniard crying for aid, and their hearts stood still, for well they knew that the ship was doomed unless she had a pilot, and enemies though they felt every Spaniard to be, they could not bear to see so many human beings hurled into a watery grave.

Loud and piteously the hoarse voice of the cannon implored help, and every call sent a thrill of horror through the little group.

"This is terrible. Can no one aid them?" exclaimed Faustine in anguish.

"Yes, one," answered Itervan.

"And whom may that be?" asked Senora Delmont quickly.

"Your son, Leon."

"True, and perhaps he has now gone—oh, God!"

With the cry of supplication upon her lips, Senora Delmont fell back, half fainting, for a vivid flash of lightning had shown her the terror of the storm, the dangerous place of the rock-bound steamer, and worst of all, the frail boat of her son, driven by the powerful arms of himself and Dido, heading directly for the Spanish vessel.

"It is Leon! he is in the boat," she cried, and all anxiously watched for any change that might come to the aid of the daring youth.

Soon the roar of the storm was appalling; but braving its fury they gazed spell-bound, awaiting its shock, and many a silent prayer went up from the little group, to save even their enemies, when they heard the crashing of the timbers, the snapping of ropes, and the cries of the despairing, as the tempest swept down in fury and struck the devoted ship.

Suddenly, above the howling winds and roaring waters, arose the terror-stricken shriek of the whistle, and well they knew that Leon then controlled the Spaniard's destiny, and being bewildered, was crying for some sign by which to guide him through the dangers surrounding.

"Quick! for Heaven's sake, a lamp!" cried Itervan, and in a moment a servant had flown into the mansion and returned, bearing a handsome glass reading-lamp, which the young officer instantly seized and dashed to pieces upon the ground.

Then quickly kneeling Itervan applied a match, and instantly a bright red blaze spread its light far off over the storm-tossed waters, and the cry in response from the Spaniard was wafted landward, intense in its heartiness of thanks.

Through the gloom, the storm and the dangers, Itervan and Faustine stood side by side, eagerly watching the movements of the Spanish steamer, and ever and anon turning to the senora and giving her words of hope, as under the guidance of Leon each new and threatening horror was passed and left far astern, for the poor mother had buried her face in her hands, unable to look upon the fearful terrors which surrounded her dearly-loved son.

Soon they saw that the steamer had passed out of the rock-bound channel and was heading seaward, and in thankfulness to God for the safety of Leon, the little party adjourned to the mansion, to await the coming of the brave youth, for they did not doubt but that he would return in his lifeboat as soon as the storm had decreased.

But they knew not what base ingratitude detained Leon, and unable to sustain the suspense the party once more went forth upon the cliff, and turned their gaze seaward.

The storm was dying away, though the waves still ran high and the winds rushed past, but afar off they descried the Spanish vessel standing from the shore.

And as they looked she suddenly changed her course, then came a signal from her decks, and ere long the bows were illumined, as the guns sent their echoes over sea and land.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Itervan in surprise, for the small boat was invisible from the cliff, and as he spoke a servant approached, conducting several persons into the presence of Senora Delmont.

At a glance it was observed they were Spanish officers, and one of them who appeared to be the leader, saluting the ladies most politely, remarked:

"Pardon our intrusion, senora and senorita, but I was ordered with my regiment to this point to defeat the landing of stores for the insurgents."

"The hospitality of my house is at your service," haughtily returned Senora Delmont.

"Pardon me if I was so misunderstood as to seem to request it; but I came here to observe more closely the movements of yonder vessel, for from the coast above I have seen the approach of the insurgent craft and the chase of the Tampa."

"That Spanish vessel is the Tampa, then?" asked the lady with alarm in her tones.

"It is; but the little steamer escaped?"

"It did, through a channel leading to the sea."

"Too bad, indeed, and the Tampa got herself into a difficulty it seems, and was only rescued by some daring fellow who went to her aid, for I descried a small boat put out to her."

Believing that for some reason the Spanish commander of the steamer had changed his mind after allowing Leon to depart; and fearful lest the officers present might discover the cause of the renewed firing of the Spaniard, Senora Delmont, whose courage arose when danger which she could avert threatened her son, determined to lead them away, so she said:

"Now, gentlemen, let us proceed to the mansion, where supper has awaited us for some time," and she led the way.

"But why is the Tampa now firing?" asked the officer who had before spoken.

"Doubtless she is emptying her guns of the loads in them, that became dampened by the sea in the storm," answered Itervan, and at his voice the Spaniard turning toward him, recognised that he was an old acquaintance.

Anxious to avoid suspicion, Itervan presented Colonel Leandro Alvarez and his officers to the senora and Faustine, and all then retired to the mansion where a substantial supper was served to their most unwelcome guests.

The Spaniards seemed delighted with their new acquaintances, and in pleasant conversation an hour or more was consumed, but as it was now very late, the party arose to disperse for the night, Colonel Alvarez having accepted the hospitalities of the mansion for himself and brother officers, when a heavy step sounded in the hall, and the next instant Leon Delmont strode into the room.

He was dripping wet, and his face was very pale, but observing strangers present he started slightly, and advanced toward his mother, who welcomed him with open arms.

"But your guests, mother?" said Leon in a low tone after he had been embraced both by his mother and Faustine, and received from Itervan a most cordial grasp of the hand.

"True, in joy at your return to us, I had nearly forgotten. Colonel Alvarez, this is my son; the 'gallant fellow,' as you termed him, who saved the Tampa from destruction."

"Indeed! then am I most glad to welcome you, for you have to-night served your country nobly."

"I believe I have," said Leon, dryly, as he thought of the Foxhound; but he shook the hand of the Spaniard, and greeted his aides with apparent friendliness, after which the officers retired, leaving Leon with his mother, sister and Itervan, who again welcomed him as if from the dead, after the dangers through which he had passed.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FRIEND AND A FOE.

Why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,
And ostentation of despiteful arms?
—*Shakespeare's Richard II.*

When Leon ran into the midst of the reefs to seek shelter from the adversary upon his track, he soon discovered that he need not feel any dread of further pursuit, and warmly joined Dido in his congratulations upon their narrow escape.

"The Spaniard give it up," said the negro, as he descried the Tampa again change her course; and as dangerous as was the undertaking, Leon determined to at once seek a passage through the rocks, feeling assured that his mother and sister would be most anxious regarding him.

After numerous narrow escapes, the little boat safely reached the harbor at the base of the cliff, and in ten minutes more Leon stood in the presence of his mother, who, as the reader has seen, had guests that were little liked.

Hardly had the Spaniards disappeared to retire to their rooms, when Leon turned to his friend and asked suddenly—

"Itervan, who is Colonel Alvarez?"

"Leandro Alvarez and myself are old friends, Leon; we were in the same regiment together until I resigned; he is a Spaniard to the manor born; a gentleman in every particular, and I am only sorry he is not upon our side."

"I am glad to learn so fair a character of him; but tell me, is he not the same that was engaged in the duel some three years since, with General Pancho?"

"Yes, he killed Pancho in personal conflict, and was suspended from the army for two years for it, although he had the right on his side, and was afterwards ordered here to Cuba. Whatever may be said of his regiment, I know not, but Leandro is a true and noble fellow."

At this moment there came a light tap upon the door, and the next instant the object of their remarks stood before them.

"I most humbly crave pardon for a seemingly presumptuous intrusion," he said with a manner that was embarrassed; but rising, Leon said pleasantly—for what Itervan had said of him inclined him in his favor, while the handsome, manly face of the Spaniard won upon him—

"Be seated, Colonel Alvarez; we were just discussing you."

"Then, indeed, I am honored; but after retiring to my room I held a discussion with my officers, and I find they are most unfriendly toward you: so I have come, not to be instrumental in abusing the hospitality of a host and hostess, to warn you that you have enemies in the camp."

"Be it so, colonel; I never have deserted friend or foe; but warmly do I thank you," and Leon extended his hand.

Senora Delmont had arisen in dismay at the words of the officer, and approaching, said anxiously—

"What can they have against my son?"

"Senora, Captain Felipe Moreno, who is with me, was watching from a point above here the coming in of those two vessels, and he swears that the senor here is the same pilot that saved the insurgent craft."

"I did, sir," haughtily said Leon.

"I am sorry that it is so, for I was ordered to this neighborhood with my regiment to keep down the insurgent feeling said to be breaking out among the young planters, and also to prevent the landing of arms and munitions of war for the aid of Cespedes."

"Colonel Alvarez, I saved the Foxhound, and I saved the Tampa. I am living at home with my mother and sister, and you are at liberty to act toward me as an enemy of Spain whenever you find me guilty of a disloyal act," and Leon stood proudly up with a defiant smile upon his face.

"Senor, I pray you do not misunderstand me. I am a Spaniard, and all but honor will I give to Spain; but to-night I came to warn you, and should danger threaten, being 'forewarned is being forearmed.' Adios."

With a low bow the Spaniard turned and left the room, and again the four were left together.

"Oh, Leon, my son, my son, what terrible dangers now threaten us," exclaimed Senora Delmont, while the brilliant eyes of Faustine dimmed with tear-drops.

"Mother, and you, sister, you must make me a promise. I am well aware of every danger that besets our path, and both Itervan and myself are prepared for every emergency.

"Now, I can make no explanation; but I wish you to trust me wholly, and under no circumstances betray uneasiness upon my account, should I be absent for a few days, or show surprise at anything that may transpire."

"We will promise," answered both ladies.

"I am satisfied, and believe me that both of you shall have opportunities of aiding our suffering land. Now, Itervan, we will retire."

In the seclusion of his own room, Leon made known to his friend his plans for action, for he informed him of the intended return of the Foxhound to the coast, and that he was determined that her stores should reach Cespedes.

"This regiment of Spaniards I fear will thwart all," said Itervan.

"It shall not. To-morrow I will ride with Alvarez around the country, select him a good camping-place for his men, and invite himself and staff to remain guests at Seaside Rest. Our boys must be on the alert, and on the third night from this come here to a little entertainment that I will give, to which shall also be invited the Spanish officers.

"While all are enjoying themselves I will retire, go to the landing, and Dido and myself go aboard the patriot vessel and pilot her into the harbor, where, if the weather be fine, she can discharge her cargo in three hours undiscovered; then by following the beach, around the base of the cliffs, the expeditionists can gain the highway and retreat rapidly for the mountains."

"A good plan, Leon, but where will the Spanish guards be?"

"I intend to show Colonel Alvarez the almost impossibility of a landing being made with success to the east of the cliff, and get him to camp his men, in ambush as it were, in that lonely glen three miles west of this; and you know the gorge has but one place to go in and out of, and if it comes to the worst, our little band must hold the troops in there by blows; for I am determined, cost what it may, that those valuable stores shall reach Cespedes."

"I am with you; we now have fifty brave fellows, and but one-third of them need attend the entertainment."

"Yes, and they must all be well-armed, while the rest of the band are to hide away in the hills to be ready for work."

"Then all is arranged; but, Leon, do you know that this Captain Felipe Moreno, is a nephew of that arch traitor, Planter Miguel Antonio, who was in league with Trafalgar?"

"Yes, he visited this neighborhood, I now remember, when I was quite a boy; and for some reason unknown to me, was an enemy to my father."

"The reason was plain; though younger than your mother, he was madly in love with her, and hated the senor, your father, because he was the successful lover. I do not really think your mother remembers him, for from what I can recall of the circumstances told me by my mother, senora Delmont has not seen Moreno for twenty years or more."

"Then, Itervan, I feel that in him we have an enemy, and I intend to watch him as I would a villain; it was noble, though, in Alvarez warning me."

"Yes, Alvarez you will find a splendid fellow, though he is now in exceedingly bad company, and we must judge him accordingly."

After a few more minutes of conversation the friends separated for the night, Itervan to seek repose, and Leon, though fatigued by his arduous exertions of the past few hours, to take a stroll out into the open air.

As he suddenly turned the corner of the mansion, he was startled by seeing the form of a man dart away from the shadow beneath the window of his own room, and instantly he gave pursuit at full speed.

Across the lawn, through a small grove, over the highway, and into a dense forest the man rushed, Leon each moment gaining upon him, until a bright flash lit up the scene, and a ball whistled by the Cuban's head.

Ere another shot could be fired Leon was upon him, and the two grappled and fell in a fearful struggle for the mastery. A few moments only they writhed together, and then Leon's stern voice said—

"Move one finger and I drive your own knife into your breast."

"I submit—do not kill me," returned a panting voice, and in a few seconds the captor had bound the captive securely, and was returning to the house.

Arriving at the mansion, Leon awakened Dido, and the prisoner was conducted to a distant out-house, used as a place for refractory slaves, and in this he was confined.

"Now, Dido, strike a light, and let me see whom we have here," said the young man when the door had been closed.

The glare of a match fell upon the tall form of a Spanish soldier, clad in uniform, and possessing a dark, evil face.

"Answer me, upon your life, sir, who sent you hither as a spy?"

The man hesitated, but the glittering eye turned upon him looked threatening, and he sullenly replied,

"I belong to Captain Moreno's company."

"He placed you as a spy upon my movements? Speak, sir!"

"He did."

"When?"

"This afternoon."

"And you have discovered—what?"

"I saw you go on board the rebel steamer, and then the Tampa," doggedly returned the soldier.

"Go on, sir."

"Then I saw you return to the mansion—"

"Where were you when I was in the sitting-room with my mother and sister?"

The man hesitated a moment and then replied,

"Listening beneath the window."

"You heard Colonel Alvarez return to the room?"

"I did."

"You heard the conversation after his departure?"

"I did, senor."

"Then you listened beneath the window of my room."

"Yes."

"And heard all that was said?"

"All."

"Then your doom is sealed. Dido, guard this man well; if he speaks above a whisper, kill him; if he attempts to escape, slay him as you would a dog. I will see that none of the servants visit this place to-day;" so saying Leon walked away, leaving the faithful negro in charge of the spy, who at once felt that neither promises nor threats would benefit him now.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Boys and their Mothers.

Some one has written beautifully to the boys in the following manner. Here is a whole sermon in a few sentences:—

"Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of her son to her. And I never yet knew a boy turn out bad who began with falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover to his mother in her middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in the sere-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied springtime."

☞ TREACHERY is the most unpardonable of crimes; it saps all the foundations of society.

☞ THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—Religion on the tongue and self in the heart is the way of the world.

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," "MARK JARRETT'S DAISY," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

CUT DOWN TO THE WATER'S EDGE.

Lydia felt too dazed to offer any resistance, and Lollie was secretly too glad to have a chance of finishing her day under the pleasing, flattering, delightful auspices of a certain young gentleman, who had already succeeded in making her morning the most blissful she had ever known in that portion of her history which had been her working-day life, to interpose any objection, or even to go through the form of offering one.

She glanced wistfully at the face of Lydia, but excepting that its expression had a certain mystified look, she saw nothing to indicate that she had not changed her mind, or that she was returning to the boat against her will.

Indeed, Lollie accounted to herself for Lydia's bewildered look, for she had, she was quite certain, seen the face of old Sydney among the crowd on the pier just as Mr. Athol overtook them, and she supposed that Lydia, having detected it too, was glad to return to the steamer rather than hazard the excitement of an interview with one who was supposed to be enjoying the sleep (not exactly of the blessed,) six feet below the "grass-green turf" in some suburban graveyard.

There was the crash of a brass band in Lydia's ears, monotonous cries from some dirty boy watching the captain on the bridge as a cat does a bird, there was the hissing of steam, the hum and laughter of many voices, and a panorama of land, of Tilbury Fort, of steamers, ships, and graceful yachts, all mixed up in one animated confusion of objects, quite enough to distract her attention, and to render her, as she looked, confused and perplexed.

But this was not the cause of her strange stupefaction. It was the face of him who had stared with such unequivocal amazement into her eyes, and demanded, in such haughty, aristocratic tones her name.

It was an older face than Mr. Athol's, but it seemed to her to be, for some incomprehensible reason, much handsomer, grander, nobler—no, not nobler—yet to have, in a moment, acquired a greater influence over her mind.

A species of influence, however, essentially different to that inspired by Mr. Athol's fair countenance, deep-hued eyes, and richly musical voice. Withal, it was a loving influence—an influence which made her look back to the pier-head in hope to see the face there, an influence which raised up a yearning to see it again, to be within gaze of it, and to hear those tones which, strangely enough, appeared familiar to her.

Familiar! Their very sound, coupled with the delicately-chiselled lineaments, momentarily as they had confronted her own, seemed to transport her into a chamber unremembered in reality, in which she saw pictures and gilded ornaments, fairy faces, and lovely objects, especially the flitting form of an angel lady, brightly, vividly, as if it were now, and she were a baby girl, not a woman grown.

Crash went a gun from the forecastle of the steamer, followed by a chorus of shrieks and yells of laughter from the girls, and great affectation of bravery and stout-hearted sailor emotions and gesticulations from the young men.

Bang went another gun from another part of the river; more shrieks and giggles from the girls, and gallant hurrahs from the young men, accompanied by cries of "They're off!" "They're off!" "Now they're off!" and Lydia awoke from her dream.

To find Mr. Athol standing within a few paces of her, perusing her face with a steadfast, earnest, half-terrible expression on it, as if his thoughts and reflections were not less distracting than her own, although they had a very dissimilar origin.

It caused a thrill to run through every nerve in her frame. It was not the look of admiration, that excited acknowledgment of loveliness, which had beamed through all the glances he had hitherto bestowed upon her, but it betrayed that he had just awakened to a consciousness of the power that supreme beauty was exercising on him, and would have on his future; of the seriously important consequences it would entail unless he had the courage and the firmness to banish it from heart and mind at once and forever.

Their eyes met. Only for a moment, but it seemed that each had penetrated the other's soul. A dimness obscured her sight, for she had discovered by that one look of his her own secret, but faintly suspected before, and with it the instant conviction that the brightness of her future life was bound up in it. An impetuous ejaculation at the same moment burst from him, and he hurried, in a kind of delirious way, to another part of the vessel.

She was startled into wakefulness, less even by this than by a monitory whisper in her ear, issuing from the lips of one who stood immediately behind her. It was sharp and sibilant, and rapid. It said—

"Beware of the charmer! Keep an icy hand on your heart. The shield with the Scottish lion rampant will not admit a sewing-machine within its pale. Loving does not always mean honoring! You have everything to lose, he nothing, by the destruction of a poor girl's reputation and happiness. Beware!"

She stood spell-bound for the moment, for to her distracted mystification she knew this voice too. She turned to look, in half-affrighted wonder, at the speaker, but though many faces were close to her she could not see the one to whom she was sure the voice belonged.

A dull chill seized her heart at this second warning, so singularly conveyed to her, for it more than aided, it confirmed the involuntary impression which the marked devotion of Mr. Athol had created in her mind. To her fright, to her agony, she also felt that it had come—too late.

Not too late, perhaps, as a mere matter of self-protection—not too late for her to close her ears to his soft, only too sweet-toned, blandishments, but—alas! she pressed her hands convulsively to her aching heart, and that gesture supplied the unfinished suggestion which arose in her mind.

And all this while there was going on around her distracting sounds of music from vigorously exercised instruments, the clanging of the steam-engine, the brisk shovelling up of coals, mingled with a hot and strong smell of anything but odoriferous-smelling fat, the patter and beat of dancing feet, laughter, chattering, and cries of delight, for the yachts, with a wind which had become fair, and the ebb tide, were running with spankers and balloon-jibe free down toward the Nore at a rattling pace, looking like a fleet of swans, with expanded wings, making the most of a favoring breeze.

There were knowing youths, with a smattering of aquatic knowledge, acad-

ding, as it were, about her, full of talk about gaff-topsails, jibs, flying-jibs, and spinnakers, who predicted which would win, and which ought to win if they only tacked here, beat to windward there, ran boldly over the bight of a shoal in order to secure a long stretch without going about, and, in fact, contrived to manœuvre so as to pass the winning boat first. There were some who offered to lay odds, and others who didn't offer to take them; there were a few who looked on with a longing itching to be on board one of—the largest, especially when any of them, under the pressure of their canvas, heeled very much over to leeward. But by far the greater proportion were busy dancing, and Lydia, believing herself to be unobserved, retired to the quarter railing, and leaning upon it, fixed her eyes vacantly on the contending yachts, as, "with white sail flowing," they pressed onward to their goal, in the hope of remaining unnoticed.

Now the bottled ale and stout on board of the Gladstonian were genuine Bass and Guinness, and dancing being a thirst-creating pastime, some of the youths had drank of these beverages as if they were milk, and the consequence was the discomfiture of bashfulness, and the advance of an easy confidence, if not boldness, to the fore.

In the early portion of this entertainment, not a few admiring eyes from some gentlemanly young men in the "glove and umbrella department" of the house had been turned toward Lydia, as she was so unmistakably not only the queen of the skilled workwomen present, but the queen of beauty as well. But their feelings had not as yet passed beyond the limits of a wondering admiration. Now Bass and Guinness seemed to pat them on the shoulder, and remind them that, after all, this beautiful young woman was "only a workgirl," and, therefore, not entitled to have very squeamish notions of propriety, or, at least, to give herself any stuck-up airs. Even the music was playing, in a sprightly fashion, "It won't do to give it up so," and several of these swains in want of partners turned aspiring eyes toward her, as she stood alone, rapt apparently in the proceedings of the yacht race, and first one and then another, assuming the easy, nonchalant demeanor of scions of the peerage, approached, and requested the *honor* of her and for the next dance.

She declined the honor so quietly, firmly, and promptly, that each disappointed petitioner faded from sight as objects vanish from the spectrum of the magic-lantern when put out of focus, and one would have thought that the successive dismissals would have spared the poor girl further mortification; but, on the contrary, it occasioned her continued trouble, for Mr. Fisell again sidled up to her with a pale, distorted visage, as the last of the rejected fell back, smiling as though he had received notice of promotion instead of, as he confidingly expressed it to a friend, "the bullet," and startled her by saying, in a guttural tone, between his set teeth—

"Beware how you trifle with a 'art now your own! Beware how you stab and score it like a line of pork! I see how you've been encouraging these idyots. I am your own still, but if you thinks me a gudgeon, an' plays me as a boy does a tittlebat, with a farthin' hook, until you can land a larger fish, look out! My nature is spiteful and revengeful! If you jilt me, I'll never leave you till I've destroyed you—till I have broke your 'art—till I've scrunched your 'appiness into nothink as I would a sucked orriadge!"

He squinted awfully at her for a moment; but, perceiving that Mr. Athol appeared to be watching him from a distance, he retired, muttering to himself—

"I'll save you, weak fra-alty, in spite of yourself. The great duke, Mr. Athol's father, will arrive in town this week, and I will call on him secretly. I will tell him what his son's intentions is. I'll give him what the beastly Scotch calls a bee in his bonnet, and no herror."

And then he, too, went out of focus, only to give place to Miss Camoy, who, advancing grandly to Lydia, and shutting her eyes, exclaimed, squeezing the words between her pursed-up lips, in a whistling whisper—

"I have been watching you, Miss Smith. Your quiet, sneaking, sly conduct is perfectly disgraceful. I am actually shocked at your artfulness in trying to entangle so many respectable young men in your meshes, and the goose, Fisell, likewise. I warn you, unless I see a great alteration in your conduct to-day, that your stay in our house will be of the very shortest duration."

With flashing eyes, Lydia turned to her, but, although she preserved a calm, dignified manner—for such was her nature—she said, with a lofty haughtiness which instinctively made Miss Camoy cower—

"Woman, how dare you force such an accusation upon me? Your insinuations are wicked, for they are utterly baseless, and your menaces I despise, for there is nothing in my conduct to make me fear any one—certainly not you. Do not suppose, because I appear to be friendless, I have neither the spirit nor the power to defend myself."

"Who's threatening? Who's friendless?" suddenly cried a young voice at Miss Camoy's shoulder.

She turned sharply, and beheld Lollie, with a crimson face, heated, perhaps, more by dancing than by anger, although she looked very fierce.

"Lyddy will never be friendless," she continued, excitedly, "while I can raise a finger to serve her; and as for your threats, don't try on that game with her. She has got a friend at court who will precious soon teach you who's who. Besides—"

She was interrupted by a sudden shout, a volley of screams, and by the abrupt influx of half the passengers on board to the side of the vessel on which she was standing with Lydia.

The vessel gave a dangerous lurch, and the commotion and terror were increased by stentorian bawls from the captain and crew to the passengers to return to the centre of the vessel, which a considerable number were forced to do without having any idea what had caused the uproar.

Lydia, however, saw at a glance what had taken place to cause the startling shout; but it was not that occurrence which in a moment riveted her gaze with a fascination that was at once overpowering and—she knew not why—paralyzing.

The steamer, proceeding at a slow pace, in order to accompany the yachts in the race, had threaded in and out among them in a way that seemed upon the part of the steersman to be a meritorious piece of skill, and in consequence the visitors on board had the opportunity of being every now and then in almost touching proximity to one or other of the competing yachts. The wind had freshened, and the interest of the scene was greatly heightened by the manner in which the graceful craft "lay down" to their work, it seeming to unexperienced eyes an utter impossibility that they could go a dozen feet farther in the agitated waters without capsizing.

The Gladstonian had been suddenly ordered, to permit a magnificent fore-and-aft-rigged yacht, which was tearing and straining along under too great a press of top canvas, to forereach an antagonist. As she ran up toward the prow of the steamer, down came topmast, topsail, and topgear with a tremendous crash, and she broached to. The steamer was compelled to "back astern" and stop her way, to prevent fouling the yacht, and at this moment the splendid schooner of Lord Londesberry came up alongside too, with the object of offering any assistance if needed, the accident having been witnessed from its deck.

Exciting as the mishap was to others still ranged at the steamer's side, it lost all the interest in Lydia's mind, for she once more beheld that dark, sunburnt face, and those intensely brilliant dark eyes of the stranger she had seen once before that morning turned to her face, scrutinizing it with an eager wonder, willing, as it were, that it should remain immovable, so that it might be examined feature by feature, and be compelled to absorb an influence which, while it paralyzed her volition, operated as an attraction, lodestone-like, to draw her toward him, without leaving her the power to resist.

This face was utterly unknown to her. She had not the faintest trace of memory which enabled her to recall having seen it before. It filled her with misgiving, disquiet, dislike, yet its magnetic force she felt to be beyond her power to withstand. Why?

She was too chilled, too frozen, as it seemed, about the heart to ask the question, save in a vague, bewildered way, or to attempt to answer it, and her wonder no less than her horror became intensified by perceiving a figure abruptly and violently leap from the damaged yacht on board the schooner, and seize that sunburnt man by the throat.

She saw the assailant's face, pale—whiter than snow. She recognized it as that of him who had accosted her on the pier—the face which had lighted up a forgotten memory in her brain, and made her an imaginary participant in magnificence and luxury she had never known since.

The attack was so sudden, the struggle between the two men so fierce and deadly, that every one on board the schooner stood transfixed and dumbfounded. No one intervened. They swayed to and fro, struggled, swung round, one pressed the other back in turn, each tightening his grip upon the other's neck, until, in one of these maddened gyrations, they reached the very edge of the schooner's flush deck, battled desperately near the open sideway, and in a moment both went hustling amid yells, shrieks, and shouts of the bystanders, into the river together, locked tightly in each other's embrace.

Then Lydia fainted.

When she revived, she found herself in the ladies' cabin, supported by Lollie, crying distractedly, and calling upon her, in terms of endearment, to return back to life, if only to forgive her for persuading her to come to this horrid treat. For an instant she gazed wildly and wonderingly about her, then the recollection of the terrible incident she had witnessed returned to her, and she covered her face with her hands.

Lollie twined her arms about her, and ejaculated, tearfully—

"Do look up, Lyddy—do be yourself! People are all staring at you, and talking so. You are all right now. Mr. Athol will be so glad."

This last remark operated like a charm. Lydia drew her hands quickly away, and with more sternness, and a more angry aspect than Lollie had ever seen her exhibit before, said, in a tone of reproof, though faintly—

"I beg you will not repeat that name to me again, Lollie! I dislike raillery at all times, particularly such as this."

Lollie burst into a crying fit, and turning round, walked away. In a moment Lydia overtook her, passed her arm around her waist, and whispered—

"Bear with me, Lollie—do bear with me! I am so distracted—bewildered—harried—by incomprehensible thoughts, I fear my brain is wandering!"

"Lyddy!" ejaculated Lollie, turning fondly to her with an impetuous kiss, and then added, "Let us walk away where we shall not be noticed."

She caught Lydia by the wrist, and almost dragging her from the cabin, conducted her up the short flight of stairs on to the deck again.

"The air is fresh here," she observed, as they gained the deck, "and it is livelier. Hark! The band is beginning to strike up again!"

"The band!" thought Lydia, with a shiver, as the recollection of that desperate struggle, evidently animated by feelings of intense hatred on both sides, again crossed her vision; "the band!"

With a look of almost horrified surprise she glanced around her.

Everything appeared to be going on as joyously as though nothing whatever of a distressing character had happened. The young couples were standing up for a fresh dance, smiling and chattering as festively as though a moment or so ago death had not been staring, after a ghastly fashion, in their eyes. Some, in pairs, were promenading the deck sides, smiling in each other's faces, and seeming to be inexpressibly happy. Upon the river the yachts were still contending, skimming to and fro like sea-gulls at the advent of a gale. Steamers were racing in various directions, and the widening mouth of the river, now almost a sea, seemed instinct with brilliant light, life, and motion.

She turned from it all, weak and sick at heart. The contrast between it and the event which had consigned two men to a watery grave seemed to her repulsively shocking. Involuntarily she murmured as much.

"Do not be so doleful, Lyddy," responded Lollie, half petulantly. "You make yourself miserable for nothing. You don't know that you have been out of one fainting fit into another for nearly an hour, and of course you are low-spirited. No harm has come to those two fighting fools. They were both picked up. See, there is one of them, who looks as if he cannot take his eyes off you."

Amazed by this communication, Lydia turned to the direction she indicated, and beheld the remarkable man with the sunburnt face she had first seen on board the schooner yacht, half reclining against the wooden framing of one of the engines, not very far from where she was standing half embraced by Lollie.

He was dressed in semi-naval-officer attire, which had been furnished by the captain, cap apeak and all. His complexion was more like time-stained ivory than before, yellower and more marked; but his eyes burned with a brighter, perhaps a fiercer, fire than when Lydia had first observed them fastened upon her face in startled wonder.

As soon as he saw Lydia's eyes wander to him, he moved as if he would approach her; but she caught Lollie's arm, and clutched it convulsively, and said in a low tone of passionate entreaty—

"Take me away, Lollie—take me away! Do not let him come near me!"

Lollie looked at her wonderingly, and asked—

"Why, Lyddy, you don't know him, do you?"

"Ask me nothing," she exclaimed faintly. "Take me away! I do not know him—I do not wish to know him; but, in the name of Heaven and mercy, take me where I cannot see those eyes!"

Lollie was not a little puzzled, not only by the tenor of her words, but by the almost vehement earnestness with which she uttered them. She, however, obeyed her request, yet not without gazing steadfastly and defiantly at the stranger, as much as to intimate to him that if he had any consideration for the preservation of his personal appearance he would not attempt again to fasten his unwelcome attentions upon them.

It seemed as though it was Lydia's destiny to be removed from the proximity of one danger to be introduced to the vicinity of another, in all probability greater.

With unuttered views of securing protection to Lydia from the possibility of insult by the stranger from whose neighborhood she had just removed her, she landed her close to the elbow of Mr. Athol, who was leaning on the gunwale, his hands supporting his chin, his eyes fixed on vacancy, and his mind plunged in abstraction.

Lydia herself was so absorbed by the extraordinary fact that the man whom, not having seen before that day, she so unaccountably feared, should be rescued from apparently inevitable death, and be saved only to be placed where his occult influence on her had far more power than before, that she did not heed whither she was being conducted.

As a timid maiden moves through a long gallery with an evil reputation at twilight, ever and anon turning her face over her shoulder, anticipating some awful ghost to be gliding in her rear, so she moved toward the spot to which she had been led, and without seeing by whose side she had been placed.

She, too, saw her spectre. As she slowly retreated, she observed that the mysterious sunburnt man drew himself erect and slowly followed her.

"Look, look, Lollie—see, he is coming!" she murmured in tremulous accents, as Lollie stopped.

"He had better not come near me," exclaimed Lollie, in a spirited tone, and loud enough to awaken Mr. Athol from his dream.

A glance at their faces told him that something disquieting as much as displeasing to both had happened. Rousing himself, he demanded, instinctively—

"Who is coming?"

He found simultaneously an answer to his question by perceiving the sunburnt countenance of the slowly advancing stranger. Feeling that this movement on his part, in its relation to Lydia, was a tacit insult to himself, he knitted his brows and compressed his lips, intending to intervene between him and her in a prompt and decided way.

But at this moment the steamer was running swiftly past a large barque with all her sails set—so closely indeed to windward of her, that her large surface of canvas shut out from view all objects on the opposite side. Before even she was clear of her, a huge iron-clad foreign man-of-war, with full steam on, to the horror of every one on board, suddenly presented itself within a hundred yards of the Gladstonian, bearing directly down upon her.

Lydia, stunned and appalled by an instant hurricane of yells, shouts, shrieks, screams, was equally startled by a sudden gloom, as if a dark, heavy cloud had overspread the vessel. Then came a fearful, awful crash—a shock which buried her from her feet with great violence.

Then a sense that she was plunging, struggling, despairing of life, in a world of icy-cold, surging waters.

Then no more.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LOVE WHICH ALTERS NOT WHEN IT ALTERATION FINDS.

A darkened chamber in a noble mansion; luxury—nay, a profusion of wealth—apparent in every appointment. It seemed as though nothing that could contribute to the enjoyment almost of voluptuous ease had been forgotten. All that money could purchase, and sensual gratification, refined taste, or effeminate languor suggest was there—all but health or happiness.

Reclining upon a cushioned couch, with white, thin hands covering his pallid face, was a man apparently slowly recovering from some severe attack of illness. Near to him stood a tall gentleman, with an erect and martial air, as though his life had been passed at drill, and he had long since lost the power of stooping, even to pick up a pin. He had a long moustache, full beneath his well-developed Roman nose, and waxed out at the points after the manner carried to excess by Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. These points seemed to afford perpetual employment to the fingers and thumbs of each of his hands, and the prostrate form of the individual whom he was steadfastly surveying to furnish food to his mind for rather perplexed reflection.

A silence which had been maintained for some little time he at length broke by saying—

"Are you sleeping, St. Leonards?"

There was a slight movement of the head of the person addressed to negative the supposition.

"Dozing, then? If so, I will leave you, and will return when you are wide awake, and with some of your old life in you," he pursued.

The Marquis of St. Leonards—for it was he—withdrew his hands from before his face, and turned his eyes, which had a bright, unnatural glare, upon the speaker.

"Meyrick," he answered, huskily and slowly, "I am awake—broad, wide awake. I cannot sleep. I have not slept for a week—I have not had a fluttering eyelid indicating slumber for one moment since—since—since"

He paused, again pressed his hands before his eyes, and ground his teeth audibly.

"Since you had that deuced sharp tussle with the fellow on board Londesberry's yacht. By Jove! you meant mischief then, St. Leonards, if ever man did."

"I did," he responded, in a guttural tone, half rising up; "I did! How I came to release my grip on his throat I do not know; but somehow I lost recollection, and remember nothing, indeed, until I found myself here, speechless and miserably wasted. How was I fished out of the Thames, major?"

The major laughed shortly—a kind of grunt rather than an indication of mirth—and twirled his moustache rather briskly.

"Well," he rejoined, "the thing was so sudden that you were both under water before any of us had a chance of interposing between you; in fact, even now I cannot quite satisfy myself how you both went, like a couple of fighting cats, pell-mell into the river. However, it was deucedly lucky for you that a steamer was passing us at the moment at slow speed, for a fellow on board, it appears, recognized you as you fell, struggling with your man, and sprang overboard like a Newfoundland dog. He was a strong and bold swimmer—dived after you, and brought you alongside the yacht in grand style. The fellow honestly deserves a medal, or something of the sort, from that society, you know."

"Who was he? What has become of him? Have you got his name and address?" inquired the marquis, hastily and eagerly.

"Well, in the confusion I do not think any of us fretted ourselves about him. Your condition absorbed all the attention and anxiety we had at liberty," replied the major, indifferently, as though the question of the man's identity was a matter of very small moment.

The marquis frowned, and leaned back with an ejaculation of vexation.

"At least, some one of you might have thought that the life he saved was worth some recompense," he muttered. "To have asked his name would scarcely have diverted your gratuitous anxiety from its too much favored object."

"The fact is," continued the major, with a shrug of the shoulders, "the fellow was a queer-looking fish, with strange manners. He was as wet as you, you know, and he betrayed a not unnatural desire to get back to the steamer, in order to dry himself at the engine fire. He jumped into a boat which was alongside, and, as far as I know, he went on board the steamer. Poor devil! He had better have remained with us, wet as he was. By the way, now I come to think of it, some one did call out to him, as the boat was pushing off, to leave his name for you, and he tossed up his hands in a half delirious way, and squealed out something about finding you out himself, and added, you would know whom to expect when you heard Marchmont and the Stepping Stones mentioned."

The marquis almost leaped off the couch when he heard this, and he looked wildly at the major, as if he believed and feared that he held in reserve something of much more serious import; but he could detect nothing in his cold, hard face to justify his suspicion, and though a thousand questions sprang to his lips, he remained silent, and sank back again on his couch, with a moan, more, however, an indication of agony of mind than of bodily suffering.

A short silence ensued, and then the marquis, partly raising himself up, scrutinized again the cold, impassive features of Major Meyrick, as if he had an inward conviction that he was in possession of some information of importance to him, but which he would not disclose.

"Was that all he said?" he asked, slowly.

"All," replied the major, with a slight movement of the shoulders.

"What did you understand by that gibberish, Meyrick?" inquired the marquis, fixing his eyes steadfastly on the major's face.

He curled his lip, and with another shrug, answered—

"I have made no attempt to unravel 'Marchmont and Stepping Stones.' I thought the man a lunatic, not quite out of an attack of *delirium tremens*. He looked the part, by Jove!"

"Was that why you called him a poor devil who would have done better by remaining on the yacht instead of returning to the steamer?" pursued the marquis, with an earnestness that appeared to awaken surprise in the almost imperturbable major.

He extended his eyelids a little, and replied—

"Not at all. The fact is—I suppose you have not heard of it—the steamer was cut down to the water's edge and sunk very shortly afterward by a foreign iron-clad, and I do not know how many lives were lost—probably that poor wretch's among the number."

Like a meteor, coldly brilliant, moving slowly across the deep purple of a moonless sky, a young and beautiful female face presented itself abruptly to the mental vision of the marquis—that face which had startled him as he suddenly encountered it on the pier-head—a face which was the counterpart of the only woman he had ever loved—the perfect resemblance of her when in the full tide of her peerless loveliness.

He remembered, with a cold sickness at his heart, that he had seen her addressed by one whose countenance he had not looked at, and that she had permitted herself to be conducted back to that steamer which he now for the first time heard had been run down and sunk by a floating fortification.

The coupling of the name of "Marchmont and the Stepping Stones" was too significant for him not at once to guess that the man who had saved him was his old servant, Lister, and the fair face he had met on the pier was that of his own child, and that they had been on board the steamer together.

He rose up from the couch, and paced the room with more perturbed emotion than Major Meyrick had ever seen him betray under the most exciting circumstances, and watching him for a moment or more attentively, he remarked, slowly and with emphasis—

"You are much moved, St. Leonards. Have I touched a chord which jars painfully on your nerves?"

The marquis paused abruptly, and almost glaring at him responded, sibilantly—

"You have, Meyrick. Your information has greatly disturbed me; agitated me so much that I wish to be alone to combat with memories which are only too agonizing to me."

The major gazed for an instant steadfastly at his face, and then rising up, he took his hat and responded—

"Of course, it is my duty to comply with your wish; but—but—"

"But what?" demanded the marquis, impatiently, and half angrily.

"I would rather be of service to you if I could," he rejoined, quietly. "Pardon me, St. Leonards, I cannot drive from my mind the peculiarity of your act when you suddenly saw that man who, I hear, was an Indian officer. With what rancorous hate you fastened like a maddened tiger on his throat, and clung to him with a tenacity which threatened a separation only in his death or yours. Neither can I forget the erratic behavior of the man who, with much bravery and no little peril to himself, saved your life; and without waiting to claim a reward which from the meanness of his habiliments I should judge would have been of service to him, left only a legend for you to translate upon your recovery. I can see that this means mystery, and your disturbed manner betrays that it has for you painful considerations. I am not at all inquisitive by nature, nor am I at all desirous to be burdened with other people's troubles; but I have known you for some years—I am under some personal obligations to you—and if I can act as a friend to you in this business, so as to afford some relief to your mind—if I can help you with counsel, or aid you by doing anything for you—command my services; or say, frankly, 'Meyrick, I require neither counsel nor help.' In that event, I shall bid you good day, and revert no more to the subject."

The marquis did not reply for some little time, but pressed his forehead and temples as though his brain were being racked by contending suggestions respecting the course which would be most consonant with his inmost and secret wishes. At last, as if he had, however, formed a sudden resolution, he turned to the major, and said, abruptly—

"The man with whom I struggled—was he, too, saved?"

"I do not know. I think he must have been, because I have not heard that he was drowned," was the immediate reply.

"You can ascertain, I suppose?" suggested the marquis, rapidly.

"I can," he answered.

"Do; and let me know the result of your inquiry without any loss of time, will you?"

"I will," returned the major, promptly.

"Further," proceeded the marquis, hesitatingly, "be good enough to discover, if possible, whether—that—a—oddity—who so Quixotically fished me out of the Thames, who called himself—a—Marchmont, I think you said—went down in the steamer; or, if saved, if his whereabouts can be got at."

"You may consider that done," replied the major, with military quickness.

"Thanks, much thanks," mumbled the marquis, wiping the cold moisture from his forehead.

"I will be off at once. *Au revoir*, St. Leonards," he added, with a wave of the hand, and a movement to the door.

"Stay, stay," interrupted the marquis, hastily.

The major halted and returned a pace or two. The marquis, however, turned from him, and walked to the window, and looked with a strange aspect toward the sky, and remained silent, as though agitated by inward emotions which forbade speech.

Major Meyrick watched him closely, furtively, it is true, but with a sharp scrutiny.

"There is some secret of the house in all this," he thought. "I will find out what it is—it may prove a gold mine to me."

Then, with a slight hem, he said aloud—

"Did you call me back, St. Leonards, or was it my fancy?"

The marquis turned to him and with a sickly smile, answered—

"One moment, Meyrick—I am very troublesome, I fear."

"Not at all, only too glad to serve you. What is it?"

"You said, I believe, that on board the ill-fated steamer there were a number of young girls?"

"Yes, a large party of them, I was told."

"And that a number of them unhappily perished?"

"There were some drowned, poor things—poor things—some who were near the vessel's side when the iron-clad came crashing into her. They were lost inevitably, but immensely energetic efforts were used to rescue the rest, and were, I believe, successful."

"Thanks, Meyrick; but—but—there were—one—or two—"

The marquis paused, as if, in spite of all his efforts, he was unable to articulate the word he had intended to utter. The major, however, promptly supplied it.

"Drowned—yes," he said.

"You can get at their names," he rejoined, in a faint tone, "can you not?"

"Undoubtedly. I will go at once to the office of the steamer—they will be sure to have a list of the lost there," returned the major, readily.

"Thanks, my dear major," responded the marquis, trying to clear his throat and speak firmly; "but, of course, I—have a reason for imposing on you so much trouble. Should there—should there be one of those who—were unhappily drowned—named Sydney—a—please—to convey that intelligence to me in a—a—note—marked strictly private. Do you understand?"

The major nodded quickly.

"Aha!" he thought; "I am on the heels of this secret already."

Then, as if unable to bear further conversation on this subject, the marquis, with a slight gesture of his white, thin hand, added, feebly—

"If you are compelled to make the communication—a—do not come to me—until you hear from me. Will you be so good as to do this for me?"

"I am yours to command," replied the major, with an affected military salute, and, turning on his heel, left the room.

The marquis waited and listened to his retreating footsteps until they ceased, and still listened as if he feared they would tramp, tramp again in hasty return, and it was not until he could in the stillness that ensued hear the beating of his own heart that he drew a deep breath, and communed with himself.

Accustomed, schooled as he had been to wear a listless expression on his face, to move as though he wanted vitality, to accept events as though he had no feeling, he now broke from all bounds, and displayed an excitement which was pitiable.

"What is it all? What does it mean?" he soliloquized, with gnashing teeth. "Am I false to my nature, to myself? Am I to feel now how much, how deeply, how dearly I loved that wretched woman—now that the sense of the unpardonable wrong she forced upon me, the degradation upon my honor and my name, is more fiercely eating into my soul than when it first burst upon me? Love her! Oh, Heaven! I must have secretly, unconsciously idolized her, for the face of that girl—her face—her own—young and beautiful as was hers when my sense was first fascinated by it, entranced me. Am I to nourish, foster that passion still, in spite of the shame I have been forced to endure—unknown to the world, perhaps, but the more bitter for me to endure, because it has eaten its way into my heart like a canker, corroding, excoriating it, so that I have known no peace save in the excitement of the turf and the field? Shall I look *for her* in this mysterious woman who has lately haunted my sight and my imagination? Shall I look for my—my child? No! no—"

He broke out into a passion of sobs, and twined his hands with rage and fury in his hair, as though he would wrench it from his scalp by handfuls.

"Not mine—I disown her!" he presently moaned. "Not mine! Oh, shame—dishonor! But if he has not gone down like a rat to the bottom of the river, I will never leave him. I will wipe out the stain upon my honor with his life. For her, let her be drowned—let her lie stark near to him if he be in a river-grave—though, poor child— Heavens! I cannot endure this, I shall go mad!"

He cast himself upon the couch, buried his face in the cushion, and wept outrageously, like a broken-hearted boy. Only to leap again to his feet, pace the room, dash the hot tears from his eyelids, and assume a determined and resolute look.

"Years have passed and there has been no token," he muttered between his teeth. "*She* was borne to the church, and lies buried there in the family vault. If it should have—been—that woman's sister—if it really were Lydia? What then? The world believes the viscountess to have been buried there. That is enough. What proof can there be produced that it is not *she* who lies there? None, now. No, I will go on to the bitter end at all risks. I will banish this spectre who ever and anon crosses my path from my mind. If I must now and then come face to face with her, I will greet her with a vacant stare as though I have no memories. The unhappy child may—nay, I pray Heaven she has sunk to a watery grave and risen to a happier world than this. But for him—I will cherish memories; I will not forget him—if he lives, I will chase him like a bloodhound does a slave, until I have hunted him down. Ha, woman, who are you?"

He paused thus abruptly and made this exclamation because he suddenly discovered, standing within the room, though only a few paces from the door, a tall, gaunt woman, meanly dressed in dark and faded habiliments.

He need not have put the question to her, for, despite the changes which time and trouble had made in her features, he recognized them. He drew himself up instantly, and with distant *hauteur*, exclaimed—

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?"

At the same moment he moved as if he would proceed to the bell. She, however, glided before him, and in a tone which, though altered, still retained enough of its old tone to make him shiver, said—

"You recognize me, my lord marquis, and you may shrewdly guess why I am here. To relieve your mind from fears of servants' surmises, I may tell you that you alone are as yet aware of this interview. I know how to contrive a meeting of this kind without permitting any person to share in a knowledge it is advisable should be confined to ourselves."

The marquis fell back some paces from her, but he still retained his cold, haughty exterior.

"Anne Marchmont," he said, frigidly, "you have broken your contract with me. I entered into an agreement with you—a secret one, I admit; but my part of the contract has been fulfilled beyond your demands, and I should have thought beyond your expectations. Why do you intrude upon me in this fashion, when it was your duty—in common honesty, at least—to aid me by your absence in wholly forgetting the past?"

"I am no candidate for suicide, though the world has no charms for me, lord marquis. I cannot starve. I intrude upon you because I want money. I knew writing a letter to you would be worse than useless. I, therefore, present myself to you, hearing that you are about to be joined in marriage to the Lady Hylda Beauclaire, with a proposal that, to purchase my silence forever, you should grant me a pension on which I may retire into the recesses of the country, and quietly there await the time when I shall be laid in the narrow cell, over which the green grass may grow while I am mouldering into dust."

He fastened his eyes upon her sallow face, and across his own it could be seen there went a cloud of unutterable thoughts. Yet he presently said, coldly—

"What have you to tell me, woman, that I should fear to hear, or care to keep from the world?"

"Much," she retorted, promptly, "which you can readily call up, and I need not speak. Something, it is probable, which Lady Hylda Beauclaire might not like to hear."

He started, and caught her by the wrist.

"Woman," he said, in a low tone, "you swore to me that your sister Lydia was confined in a lunatic asylum—nay, as I am led to believe, is still in one."

"And can still swear it, if I am well paid," she returned, with a hard, suggestive smile; "but if you refuse my plea to you, why—"

"Can I see that lunatic?" he demanded, with trembling eagerness.

She smiled again, although her brows were sternly contracted.

"You declined peremptorily and furiously to look on her who lies in the village church yonder," she returned, with a sneer; "but if you would satisfy yourself—" she paused a moment, and then added, quickly, with an indescribable look into his eyes, "it will be an imperative necessity to pay me yet more handsomely than you have done—I will take you to that lunatic, and you shall once more gaze on a face which—ha, ha!—you once loved so much!"

He turned from her, and made a mighty effort to command his feelings. Partly succeeding, he returned and in a cold voice responded—

"It shall be so! Name the hour and the place where I shall join you, and I will keep the appointment."

"My lord marquis, I am penniless. I cannot proceed to a distant railway station without means," she said, half whiningly.

He took a small, flexible leather wallet from the table, and handed it to her.

"I am very much in earnest now," he said, firmly. "Take these notes, and keep your appointment. If you deceive me, I shall find a way to punish you, and I will."

"My lord, if I desired to deceive you, I should care little for your threats, for what can you do more than break a heart?" she returned, with bitterness in her emphasis. "But I, too, have an end to achieve, and I will achieve it. I will meet you three nights hence, as the clock chimes nine, at the Stepping Stones, near Huntingleigh Court. You can hardly forget them, my lord. Do you assent?"

He drew himself up, and set his teeth together. He saw that sunburnt visage he had encountered on board the yacht, as it were, glaring derisively at him.

"I will be there!" he exclaimed, guttorally.

She moved to quit the room.

"Stay!" he exclaimed, sharply.

She turned swiftly round.

"You—you—have not—mentioned a—child—which was placed in your charge," he stammered.

She placed her closed fist suddenly on her heart.

"Forget her," she said, slowly.

"Dead?" he gasped.

"Forget her," she repeated.

"Drowned?" he demanded, faintly.

A spasmodic gasp burst from her lips, and she left the room without a word, while he staggered back and fell on the couch.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ There is a fight between the late editor of the Los Angeles Star and the Express of that place. The editor of the Star replies to some recent attacks of his rival in the following fashion, using some terms which have not hitherto found their way into our articles on the amenities of editors: "Those familiar with the hostility that exists between the newspapers and newspaper publishers at Los Angeles, will readily place the proper estimate upon these 'low flung' stabs which the lying, vulgar and scurrilous Express sends after me; and as for me, should I ever return to the vicinity of that hoodlum organ, it would be for the sole motive of cowhiding that establishment from roller-boy down to its lowest scrub editor. Very respectfully, G. W. Barter, late editor and proprietor Los Angeles Daily and Weekly Star."

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1873.

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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

OUTLANDISH ISMS.

No one human being knows everything. Nobody is always right and never wrong. No one human being can decide infallibly what is true and what is false. Everybody can judge of right and wrong, true and false, inside of the ten commandments. Outside of the ten commandments it behooves people to be very careful how they say a thing is true or false.

It is not modest to pronounce a thing an outlandish ism when one doesn't know anything about it.

It usually takes ages and ages to pound anything new into the human skull. There never was any newly discovered truth, however great, grand, broad and lofty given to the world, that part of the world didn't snap its eyes shut and stuff its ears with cotton and open its mouth and cry—Humbug!

An old lady once said: "A theatre is no decent place for a woman to go to. I never was at a theatre in my life; none of my brothers ever went to a theatre, my my father never went to a theatre, my mother never went to a theatre, and none of my relations were ever in a theatre, and it's just an awful place!"

Now, I grant you, theatres may be very bad indeed, but I wish you to look particularly at the old lady's way of judging of the wickedness of 'em. A theatre was a bottomless sink-hole of wickedness, because none of her relations ever went to one. That was the argument, you see. And I'm afraid that's how half the world judges matters of opinion.

All my cherished beliefs and hobbies may be outlandish isms for all I know. Views which appear to me the very purest, highest, holiest principles of eternal truth, are very probably nothing in the world but outlandish isms. Indeed, for anything I can tell, I may be nothing but a rickety old overgrown outlandish ism myself. But friend, consider the point: Your pet beliefs are just as apt to be outlandish isms as mine. Did you ever think of that?

So I say: Here's to the good health of yours, mine, and everybody's outlandish isms! May they live long and prosper, and when they have done their work and are worn out and thrown away, may the good Lord always keep sending us more of 'em! Because it is the theories and the new beliefs which keep a man's heart warm in his bosom and the human blood stirring through his veins, which kindle human faith and hope with an electric spark, from time to time, and which keep alive in the soul all its glorious enthusiasm. What would humanity be without its ever-young, ever-growing faith, hope and enthusiasm? If there were nothing now ever more to be discovered, if all the truths of the universe were already packed in man's little nut-shell of a skull, what better would a man be than an ox, that can never better his condition any, though he should live forty million years? The outlandish isms are the rounds of the divine ladder by which humanity climbs toward its Creator.

If you will notice, every great and good movement in the progress of humanity was an outlandish ism at first. Chemistry comes down to us as the direct result of the long-since exploded humbug of alchemy. The old monks and dreamers who shut themselves up in their closets and experimented their lives away hunting for the philosopher's stone, bequeathed to posterity, not the philosopher's stone indeed, but something infinitely more precious than the knowledge how to turn all objects into gold—a noble, beautiful science which will almost revolutionize the world. Between ourselves, there is already rather too much of this business of turning base things into gold. The art is rather too well understood now for the highest happiness of the world. I've seen a sight of mean things turned into gold in my time. Also, I pray you to remember it, in its infancy, republicanism, the very foundation, walls, roof and dome of our high and mighty American government, was the most outlandish ism on earth. I appeal to you whether it was not so. If the new idea could only have been put down with bayonets, if the infant giant could only have been strangled in its babyhood, the freedom of the human race would have been put back for centuries, and the outlandish ism of republicanism would have been marched off the stage to take its place among the ghosts of the exploded humbugs of witchcraft, alchemy, astrology, and all that rubbish. Nay, more; to this day, among those august individuals who, by virtue of having been accidentally born into the world in a gilded palace instead of a mud hovel, believe themselves thereby divinely ordained to wear a crown on their heads instead of a brimless old hat, or no hat at all, among these august personages republicanism is the most dangerous, incendiary, and fearfully outlandish ism that ever fermented in the brains of fools and fanatics. They would rather have small-pox, at the heels of a mad dog, enter their gilded palaces, than the republican idea.

Furthermore, Christoper Columbus was a fool and fanatic to the wise conservatives of his day and generation, and the notion of the discovery of a new continent across the water was an outlandish ism so crazy that no sane person could think of it without making merry over it. Nevertheless, there was a new continent across the water, and the republican idea is an eternal truth. It is a little curious, too, come to think, that the most exact science known to the intellect of mortal man took its rise in a mere matter of magic and fortune-telling. Divination was anciently called mathematics—*ars mathematica*—the mathematic art. So I hug my outlandish isms to my heart, and comfort myself with the thought that some day maybe something will come of 'em.

There are golden grains of wheat in every heap of chaff. To be sure, there is often so very much chaff that the little wheat in it is not worth looking after. But when we throw it all to the winds as chaff, there is danger that with it we are casting away more precious wheat than our heads are worth. And friend, let us not call a thing an outlandish ism just because we don't happen to like it. We may be deriding some newly-discovered truth which by and by will be of incalculable benefit to the human race. And if it is the truth, it will be the truth whether we like it or not. It is a good thing to remember that.

In the life of that grand working-man who invented locomotives, and stuck to his hobby and pounded away at it till he pounded it into the skull of old England, I remember reading how contemptuously he and his theory were treated by the wise grandees of that enlightened commonwealth. How they did turn up their grand noses at him, to be sure!

"What," said a very profound, learned and intellectual peer of the realm of Great Britain, "would the gentleman do if a cow should get on the track in front of his locomotive?"

"Then, my lord, it will be very bad for the koo," says George Stephenson.

I fear there are people in this world, those who set themselves against everything new, just because it is new, however beautiful and true it may be, who, whether they know anything about a thing or not, call it a crazy humbug just because they don't like it, that will meet the sorry fate of George Stephenson's cow. People who set their puny weight against the iron wheels of progress will find out too late that "it will be very bad for the koo." Kings have lost their heads in finding it out.

How ought we to judge of anything? In the first place, we ought to put totally out of our minds what our relations think about it. Then we ought to consider whether we want it to be true or false, and we ought to put all that out of our minds too. If we let our likes or dislikes influence us in judging of a matter, then we are not capable of judging of it at all. Next we ought to find out all we possibly can on both sides of the subject. *Both* sides, remember; not the side our relations take, or the side we want to be true. After we have done all that, let us "clear our minds of cant," and judge of the matter on its naked merits. If we can't do all that, we have no business to have an opinion at all. Friends, let us not judge according to our prejudices, but according to our knowledge. And if we are too lazy to examine a matter and get knowledge thereof, let us be honest, and say we don't know anything about it. Moreover, and especially and for Heaven's sake, don't let us undertake to decide matters which are none of our business. Let other people judge entirely of their own matters for themselves. "Why dost thou judge thy brother?" says Saint Paul. Finally, in the words of glorious Margaret Fuller:

"May truth, unpolluted by prejudice, vanity, or selfishness, be granted daily more and more as the due of inheritance, and only valuable conquest for us all!"

ZIG.

Thoughts for the Newly-Married.

Amongst our readers, may no doubt be found many a newly-wedded pair, just entering upon an entirely new and untried series of duties, to be found solely in the cares of housekeeping. To all such we would whisper an encouraging "Heaven speed you;" for we know that in thus early forming a sweet home of your own, you will meet with many pleasures never to be enjoyed elsewhere.

There is a quiet dignity clustering around the young matron, as she seats herself at the head of her own neatly-arranged table; an importance apparent to herself, and to others, as she enters upon a regular routine of wifely home duties, nowhere to be found but in the shadow of a well regulated household. There is also a smile of genuine contentment and heart-rest to be seen upon the countenance of the young married man, as he enters the door of his own house, and finds that home brightened by the efforts of his chosen one, and made beautiful by the refinement of her affection and her womanly tastes.

But in assuming the cares of domestic life, we would beseech the young housekeeper never to neglect the accomplishments that gave so much pleasure to her husband in the days of their courtship. Had music for him a charm then, as he visited you in the home of your childhood? Did those songs that issued from your girlish lips, and those sweet notes that arose beneath the touch of your fingers, seem to link his heart to yours, by chords of purest sympathy? Bring that music with you now, into your own home, and make your room gay with the voice and the songs that will never, though years roll on, cease to have for *him* a charm.

Was painting a source of pleasure before marriage? Bring your box and your brushes into a brighter studio; let some of your leisure moments find you bending over your card-board, with your husband watching the progress of your picture, and his enjoyment will surely speed your fingers, while his eyes will rest fondly upon the drawings that fill your portfolio, if they owe their beauty to the artistic skill of his cherished wife.

Had poetry and flowers, birds and books, a charm while watched and read, with a lover beside you? Leave them not outside of your own dwelling, but ornament your home—neat, with all these charming companions—that your husband may ever recognize in the wife the same refined tastes that he admired in the bright and blooming maiden.

TO A LATELY-FOUND FRIEND.

BY MIRIAM EARL.

Through all the changing circles of our lives
My heart went seeking thee, nor knew it so,
As upward through the soil a plant will grow,
Undreaming of the light to which it strives.

Remote the shores trod by our careless feet,
No sign was in the silent sky above,
Yet through the subtle magnetism of love,
Earth's far meridians make haste to meet.

Ah, bliss unsaid, when thus the angels deign
To interest themselves in mortal's fate,
And help to find, before it is too late,
This brightest link in life's entangled chain.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

JOHN SMITH ON FASHIONS.

DEAR POST:—I'm a society man—*I* am, and I think I can write "fashions" just as well as some ladies who make it a specialty. It has been a great puzzle to me for years, why writers evidently capable of something better, should fritter away their time on those senseless columns that treat of furbelows, and flounces, and which nobody ever reads. But it has been explained to me. It's *easy* writing, I'm told, and better *paid* than any other kind of literary produce. I always go in for things that *pay* well. I courted my wife with that idea uppermost, and married her secretly, because she insisted that it was certain separation to say a word to "Papa," he was so proud, and had such exalted aims for her. The old fraud went into bankruptcy the next day. So that speculation was a failure. It didn't pay at all.

I first saw the lovely being who bears my name, at Long Branch.

It was not a case of love at first sight, though it might have been, perhaps, if I had known any thing then of the ducats, that the paternal "parient" was supposed to possess. I thought she was a passable looking girl enough, and when I saw the old gentleman arm in arm with young Fred ——, the millionaire's son, and was told that he, Fred, was paying attention to Sophia, I made up my mind speedily, and at once, that he shouldn't have her. I went to work with a will. I concentrated my powers and brought all my batteries to bear on the young and susceptible heart I had resolved to win. It was a complete success. Sophia loved me. She told me so on the moon-lit beach, and I could not doubt it. Her father was resolved that she should wed with Fred, but, you see, I preferred her to wed with me. So, secretly, and by night, we stole away, and the fatal knot was tied. The old man found it out, so did others. Fred, the millionaire's son, could not prop the falling fortunes of that noble house, and it went down, burying me in the rubbish.

Having defined my position, I will proceed to FASHIONS.

I wish I could think how they commence those stupid rigmaroles that are so well *paid*.

I guess I'll ask Sophia—she is lying in the bed-room there, with a diamond edition of herself on her arm. It can't cry, nor nothing.

Sophia says she doesn't know, and doesn't *care* how they commence, and she just wishes I would keep still and not wake that blessed baby.

Easy writing, eh?

How well I remember one night at Long Branch, stumbling by mistake into a famous belle's chamber. I had taken a glass of wine with a friend, and had forgotten how very late it was—and in fact a good many other things besides. As I entered the room I found myself in the greatest confusion of finery ever dreamed of.

What it all was, I don't know, but I got my feet fast in a hoop-skirt the first thing, and pitched headlong, striking against the marble corner of a bureau, and upsetting a tumbler of water, in which reposed a full set of artificial teeth. I forgot my bruised head in looking at them, and wondering how all these things came into *my* room.

A lady also was lying there in my bed sound asleep; my fall had not roused her. I thought she looked a little caved in around the mouth, but in the dim half-light I could see the silken lashes of her celestial orbs sweep softly the lovely cheek—that is, I could see the lashes of *one* orb, the other pressed the pillow and I couldn't see it; at least, I supposed so then, and I turned away, wondering how that lady could possibly have got into my room, and how I should manage to get her out again.

I turned away, I say. When, on the bureau, close beside the pearly teeth, I saw a wealth of tresses. Such soft, bewitching tresses as lovers coil around their fingers in the dim twilight. There they lay before me, oiled, curled, perfumed, ready to be pinned on whenever the lady, awaking from her slumbers, should desire to be again beautiful. I took them up tenderly, raised them with care, and discovered that it was not a handful of tresses, to be pinned on here and there, to eke out the material growth. No, it was a veritable wig, with a little sticking-plaster on the corners to hold it on. And from this wig depended those long, lustrous curls that fall so entrancingly over the white shoulders. All around were hair-pins; bureau, boxes, and floor were covered with them; a string of puffs lay among them, and there were coils and braids and frizettes, and in turning them around and wondering how much more it would require to set up a genteel hair-dressing establishment, I upset a little box, and something rolled to the carpet. I caught a gleam as it was disappearing, and feeling certain it was a diamond brooch, or locket, that I should probably step on and destroy, I instituted an immediate search.

I saw something looking up with a familiar half-mocking expression. It was one of the sleeping beauty's celestial orbs. In dismay I glanced again at the lady. She still slumbered, and there on the carpet her divine eye winked at me—at least I imagined it did. I wanted it back on the box, but I didn't know how to get it there. I wouldn't have picked it up for the world. I felt delicate about putting my finger in her eye. I knew my own eyes were exquisitely sensitive, and I couldn't divest myself of the impression that it was a living, breathing eye that looked so lovingly up into my face, and I was afraid I'd put it out. It had put me out a good deal already—as had all the other fixings, and in my room too.

I concluded to let it lie, and walk around it. I did so. All about lay the FASHIONS—everything but the hoop-skirt that I had caught my foot in. She never found that, as I heard rumored afterward. I suppose I must have flung it out the window.

It was fearfully hot weather, and looking around I thanked fortune that I was not a woman.

Such a world of clothes. I had no idea it took so much to properly dress a lady. I picked up one thing and another—patented arrangements, some of them, some of them home-made.

A file of the Daily Thunderbolt for 1870—1871, was hung over a string, and looked terribly wrinkled, but I had no idea at the time that it was a part of the general make-up. There were lots of other things I did not know the use of. I thought they were pin-cushions, some of them; I've found out since that it was a mistake.

But at last a curious thought struck me. Perhaps it really was not *my* room. Perhaps, as those large hotels are so full of turnings and twistings, this lady's room had shifted its position, and got just where my room ought to be. I looked around—my overcoat was not there, my fancy dressing-gown and best boots were absent—and glancing through the door, by the light of the hall lamp, there on the opposite side of the passage, was the well-remembered number of my room, 500.

So the lady was right after all—though why she had left her door unlocked, and her light burning, was certainly very strange. Still, I forgave her—and leaving everything just as it was, I closed the door softly, and entered my own comparatively poverty-stricken room.

The next day I saw what a beautiful creature she was, when all properly made up, although of a somewhat uncertain age—and said to myself, "Great is the goddess Venus, and Fashion is her Prophet."

* * * * * *

I have been reading over the foregoing, and it strikes me, that viewed as a fashion article, it isn't just the thing. I forgot to put in any *bad French*, and that, I think, is where the whole trouble hinges.

Sophia has just sung out from the bed-room that it is nothing to write Fashions. I've only to look around and describe what I see.

I've looked around, but I can't see anything but a lot of towels hanging on the backs of chairs, and a cup of catnip tea simmering on the stove. I don't know what people get for writing Fashion articles, but I should think, considering the labor, a thousand dollars apiece would not be any too much.

OLIVE KING.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THE ART OF GAINING AND EXPENDING.

It is a commonly accepted axiom that it is an exceedingly easy thing to spend money, but a very hard thing to acquire it.

Of course there are great difficulties in the acquisition; and there is rarely any good thing to be had without paying its price.

And there is no doubt but that:

"Earth gets its fee for what earth gives us,
* * * * *
We bargain for the graves we lie in.
At the devil's booth are all things sold—
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay;
Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking.
It's Heaven alone that is given away;
It is only God can be had for the asking."

All of us know of those whose talents and habits do not enable them to gain property—those who possess varied talents too—talents which make them blessings to their families, and blessings to their neighborhoods—and yet property-getting is not their forte.

Some of them are hedged in by circumstances, while others can never retain money when they have earned it; and there are others whom adversity seems to pursue, and their fortunes take unto themselves wings and fly away.

There are those who love money for itself—for the greed of gain. We love to know that we possess so much bank stock, so many mortgages, and so many railway bonds, and when we lose this money we have lost all—nothing else remains to us. These old lines often run in my head:

"Wherunto is money good?
Who hath it not, lacks hardihood;
Who hath it, hath but toil and care;
Who once hath had it, hath despair."

We cannot, however, agree with the last line, for despair need not be bred of lack of wealth. Indeed, wealth often brings misery and wretchedness to its possessors; and if there are any who desire wealth so that they can live in idleness, luxury or sin, we are truly glad that the gaining of money should be a toilsome operation.

But the subject which lies nearest to me is this: Is not the expending of money *advantageously* a difficult thing? Mrs. Albright will declare to the contrary.

"No, indeed!" she says. "Give me money enough, and I will find no difficulty in expending it."

"Softly, friend, softly; let me ask if you can expend it *wisely*?"

That is the all-important question. Any one can spend lavishly, and scatter a great deal of money about. That is an exceedingly pleasant thing to do also for the time being; but when retrospection comes, and you sit down to reckon up your expenditures, then you can, if your mind and heart are true and sound, decide upon whether there has been a judicious disbursement of it.

You may have given large orders to the upholsterer, to the dry goods warehouses, to the picture dealer, to the grocery man, etc.; but when you receive the results, are they satisfactory? Do they correspond with their surroundings? and shall you feel yourself perfectly at home with them?

Many young housekeepers follow Dora Copperfield's example; and although they may not order "a barrelful of shell oysters for two," yet they do give orders, and do purchase articles that are just as absurd.

Now, it is easy enough to waste money. A fool may spread his bread with greenbacks instead of butter, but none of us would envy him the exchange; or he may light his cigar with a five-dollar note, as a mark of his indifference to money. But he will surely be called to account for such wicked waste at a higher tribunal than earth knows.

Many dissipated young men in our land throw away their money upon fast horses, gambling, dress, liquors and other vices. Inheriting large fortunes, they forget that their moral characters are as much at stake in the expenditure of them as the acquiring of them, and to their sorrow they learn at last that it needs as much thought to expend money well as to gain it.

Many extravagant young women also, in our midst, spend money lavishly. They throw away hundreds of dollars upon their wardrobes and appetites, and in the end they may discover that they have gained nothing—secured nothing, and where they looked for content they find it not; and, so far as the money was concerned they would be much better off if they had never received it.

Does not the responsibility of possessing money entail a great amount of careful and judicious consideration?

Are not we stewards of the Lord's bounty, and should not we endeavor to arrange our accounts so that we may not receive condemnation?

We can all of us spend other persons' wealth; and many of us think:—

"Oh, if we had such riches as A. possesses, we should accomplish so much good; why we would give to our kindred and friends, and to the poor and the needy, and we would make hundreds of hearts joyful and happy."

And yet how little we know ourselves! A wise expenditure of means comes only with much thought and care. If you give largely, you must also learn to give wisely. You must give so that your kindred will not say, "He only gave me one hundred dollars, while five hundred would have been a mere bagatelle to him." You must bestow your gifts so as to awaken gratitude, and not distrust. You must give in such a way as not to make the recipients of your bounty depend upon more. You must also give so as not to make persons feel their dependence, nor impair their energies; and you must exercise thought, in all your expenditures. Money brings power, but it also brings heavy responsibilities. We would not decry riches, we acknowledge their potency, we confess to a desire to possess them; but we do beg of our readers to ponder well over "the art of expending" as well as over "the art of gaining."

"DAISY EYEBRIGHT."

UNFINISHED STILL.

A baby's boot, and a skein of wool,
Faded, and soiled and soft;
Odd things, you say, and no doubt you're right,
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly; but, mate, look here:
When first I went to sea,
A woman stood on that far-off strand,
With a wedding-ring on the small soft hand
Which clung so close to me.

My wife—God bless her—the day before,
She sat beside by foot;
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore;
What, think you, found I there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white,
A cottage empty and dark as night,
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;
The tangled skein lay near;
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the churchyard drear.

BORROWING.

BY MABEL PERCY.

Much has been said and written, both in a humorous and serious way, about borrowing; and there is room for much more, while people continue to disregard the rights of others in this particular. It is well understood that a person's *umbrella* belongs to everybody but himself; for, when once borrowed, it is not returned in pleasant weather, for who ever thinks of one *then*, or likes to be seen carrying one? And of a rainy day, forsooth, if you return it, Hibernian-like, you will want to use it going home.

We always feel in a glow of happy sympathy when we think of the man, who, wishing to guard against his new umbrella being borrowed by mistake, (?) locked it by the aid of a small padlock, and then deposited it among others in a rack. (It was at a public assembly, by the way.) Presently a seedy individual, whom he had previously noticed as the possessor of the attenuated remains of a defunct umbrella, walked nonchalantly up and grasped his new *silk* and *whalebone*. Walking briskly toward the door, he endeavored meanwhile to open it. The owner stepped forward and politely offered him the key.

Imagine the shame and confusion of one, and the calm elation of the other!

But we would not by any means be understood to discourage lending. We are all dependent creatures, one upon another, whatever we may say to the contrary; and it is well that we are so. But the obligation is not all upon one side. A person feels that proper consideration for others obliges us to lend in a neighborly way. Common courtesy, which is, however, often overlooked, demands that the loan should not be forgotten, but be returned as soon as possible. If any injury happens to the article, it should be replaced by another as good.

Now in the country the lending of books is much practised, and but for this friendly custom, where circulating libraries are not in vogue, and one's own collection is small, one's medium of communication with the world of letters is necessarily circumscribed. It is thus a precious privilege that we may borrow of a friend, and sit down before the cheerful fire, possessor, for the time, of all the beautiful, quaint and interesting ideas which the author has woven into his creation.

Perhaps it is a book of travels, and we accompany the writer into far countries to gaze upon ruins of ancient palaces, upon the works of art, or into cathedrals whose dim, religious light serves but to enhance the pleasing interest; over picturesque ruins, through rustic villages, to view wild scenery of lake and mountain, which the author graphically sketches for our delectation. Perhaps it is biography, and anon we are in another age and country, with heroes for companions and historic deeds for contemplation.

Fiction may, perhaps, be surrounding us with gentle influence, enlisting our sympathies for imaginary distress or pleasant fancies. We are none the worse that they *are* imaginary. The glow of sympathy is of no injury to us; and, besides, we feel that they might be real, and, indeed, knowing that truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction, we realize a broader sympathy for our fellow men.

In reading this book, then, there has been pleasure and profit also to our mental needs, and we owe it to the author, it is true, but the medium of its realization was the one who loaned it to us. Does not gratitude urge us to take good care of it?

A borrowed book, no matter in what state of preservation it may be when you receive it, should be treated in this way:

First, you should cover it neatly that the lids may not be soiled, or if bound in paper that they may not get torn. Second, the leaves should not be turned down to mark the page where you leave off, but, if your memory will not serve you, use a ribbon or something that you can lay between the leaves. Thirdly, do not let it lie about where it can get greased or otherwise soiled; and fourthly, return as soon as read.

In short, use it as you would a highly prized book of your own. And above all, never *lend a borrowed book;* for this is a degree of meanness of which no honorable person should be guilty. One might as well throw away a book as to have it lent in this way; for by the time it has passed through the hands of half-a-dozen families, it is like Japhet in search of a father; nobody knows who is its owner, nor cares; and even if the book is ever recovered, it is generally in tatters.

What we have said of books, applies to other borrowed articles; and if observed, would be found to promote pleasant and generous feelings.

☞ BE GRACIOUS TO STRANGERS.—If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

☞ ECCENTRICITY of dress or manner will double attention; the mistake of vain women is to believe that it doubles attraction.

THE DEATH OF LOVE.

BY GLEN CAROL.

Unhappy Love, how many deaths thou diest—doomed after each anguished expiration to live again in some yet untried soul! Too often thou playest the part of a very Prometheus, chained to the rock of torture through years and years, dying a thousand deaths while yet alive—and when, at last, the end is come, and the curtain falls, it falls to hide but a shadow and a mockery—the wreck of all that was once best, brightest and purest in the human heart! No tone, howe'er tender, no touch, howe'er caressing, no kisses, wild and warm, shall re-awaken this dead *thing;* once perfect, peerless in its youth and innocence—now, through the torture and agony of years, in its death become a horror—a haunting spectre that shall never leave its victim's side, a shadow whose dusky wings wave above home's quiet portal, and darken each gay scene abroad, though the wide world be crossed.

Again, thou meetest a violent death. Kings have been hurled from lofty thrones ere now, and the slender hands that struck thee from thy pedestal never faltered, the eyes that looked their last upon thee—the old-time idol, shattered and lifeless—had no tears to shed. Yesterday thou wert Life, and all that life may hold—to-day the blackness of death engulfs thee forever and forever, and silence seals the life that sung thy praises! Unhappy Love! Better, far better thou had'st never been, than that we, thy victims, should live to stand beside thy grave!

Sympathy of the Sexes.

Man loves woman. It is hardly safe for him to study natural history. Not that he finds so many lower brothers in the male animals, but that he is encouraged to imitate them more closely. Buffon's noted generalization bolsters him in the continuance of certain failings, and he complacently concludes there may be something in Darwin after all. Love has no such sacredness, is incapable of such exaltation with man as it has and is with woman. To him it is the appanage of egotism; it is flattered vanity; it is selfishness glossed with sentiment. He loves to be loved; she loves to love. Hence, thrown together under favorable circumstances, without conspicuous impediments, they are in peril of gratification as the tinder is in peril from contiguous sparks. Impressibility and passiveness are in him; impulse and activity are in her. He analyzes love—not difficult as it exists in the sterner bosom—and to a certain extent masters it. To her it is the one thing above all others that defies analysis, and she yields to it in delicious abandonment. Experience has made him wise in the emotions. She is but slightly experienced, if at all; and were she thoroughly so, where is the wonderful woman to whom every experience is not a new revealment, a startling divination? Romantic passion is very serious with her at all times. She is never quite prepared for it, even though she believes herself an artist. And when it comes to her early, it is fateful often, formative always. Much as she may wheedle herself, she cannot play with fire without being scorched. She can regulate her glances, but her blood will not obey her. The last act of her comedy may turn to tragedy. The smiles of the morning may set in bitterest tears. All about her oasis of coquetry lies the blistering sand of desolation. Man argues that woman may not be trusted too far. Woman feels man cannot be trusted too near. All she says, he knows. All she knows he cannot guess. He is delighted with her; she wonders at him. She is the open page of romance; he is the last Sybilline book. He is to her on vantage-ground. Behind her, mask as she may, is a flood of light. He sits half in the shadow, and beyond is a darkness she cannot penetrate. Therefore be an equality of sex—can there ever be equality of situation? She fights unhelmeted; he with his visor down. Ere the battle has begun he has won it half by his understanding of her tactics; and the other half she loses through his imposing feints.—*Galaxy.*

PROGRESS.

We are progressing—*sans doute!*—but in what direction? When Lucifer was cast out of Heaven, he did not remain stationary—neither does modern society.

Our grandfathers were old fogies—so we said ten years ago—now we call them old fools—behold! we progress and improve.

A long time ago parents had rights which their offspring were bound to respect, but we have changed all that—now children have all the rights, and parents all the wrongs.

Once, veneration to the aged was practised as a virtue—now, we leave that to the Chinese. Old people have had their day. Let us progress, if necessary, over their prostrate bodies.

There were boys and girls once; but the babies are the only "young people" now.

It's at least a comfort to think that babies don't progress—but, after all, I believe they do, for modern babies seem more "wide-awake" than their predecessors—aren't mothers forced to give them drugs to make them sleep?—a thing which our grandmothers were not obliged to do.

A VICTIM.

The Bloom of Age.

A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood, she is the friend and benefactor. In the church, the devout worshipper and the exemplary Christian. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy—who has been the friend of man and God—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love, a devotion to truth and religion? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue; and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

☞ THE DRESSING OF A BRIDE.—Is there anything more beautiful than the dressing of a bride for her wedding? The tender hands of a kind nurse, of loving sisters, and a fond mother—how they all wait upon her! How the hours are consecrated to her glory! How her hair is parted and braided with sweet simplicity! How the veil is thrown over with exquisite grace! What bracelets, what rings, what jewels contribute to decorate her person!

THE STOLEN KISS.

With blue eyes closed, and head thrown back,
Within the easy-chair sat Kitty;
Thought I, "If now a pair of gloves
I may not win, 'twill be a pity!"
But as I softly reached her side,
The red lips parted with a murmur;
And oh! what joy: my name she breathed;
Within my heart grew hope still firmer.

"Dost love me, Kitty?" whispered I;
And soft in sleep came back her answer;
"I love thee not!" I stood aghast,
Till love urged, "Kiss her while you can, sir!"
But oh! the fair one eyes swift unclosed
And glanced at me with mirth o'erflowing.
Thought I, "I'll let her think awhile
That I've heard something worth the knowing."

Then, drawing near, I slyly said,
"Fair maid, your dreams have well betrayed you."
"For shame!" cried she, "to steal my thoughts,
And get my sleeping tongue to aid you!"
All penitent, I humbly said,
"But, ah! the secret in my keeping
Has made me sad!" She answered low,
"One never tells the truth while sleeping!"

St. Leger's Love;

OR,

THE SIEGE OF STANWIX.

A Romance of the Revolution.

BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSWOOD," "SKALE, THE SCOUT," "AGNES AYRE," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

A NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

Dyke Kopinall's scheme for the rescue of the captive ladies was, in connection with the part already revealed, for him and Lionel, and whatever assistants they might choose, to penetrate the enemy's lines, secrete themselves during daylight in the rear of the camp in a hiding-place well known to the scout, and steal at night to the selected spot, there to await the coming of the captives, if Peter Coot should be so successful as to get them that far. If on the appointed night they came not, then the succeeding night the disguised men were to return to the rendezvous, and again await developments.

If the two ladies once succeeded in reaching the Oaks, Dyke was confident that by taking a circuitous route far in the rear of the camp, they could be conducted to one of the friendly forts further down the valley, where they could await the issue of the siege, or they could remain in the hiding-place, and there await it. To ascertain how the scout and his comrades prospered in their plan, we return to the fort and join them as they prepare to depart.

Their first work was to transform themselves into Mohawk warriors, that is, in appearance; and considerable time was given to this operation. A quantity of vegetable mordant was obtained, and a hand, skilled in the art of counterfeiting the savage war-dress, applied the paint to the features of the men and gave the finishing touch to their costumes.

When the transformation was at last effected, the picture presented was that of three as valorous-looking braves as ever trod the war-path. Dyke Kopinall looked not unlike the famous chief of the Indians, Brant himself; Lionel became a very charming and graceful young warrior indeed; and the third member of the party—three only it had been decided were to make the venture—was worthy of his associates.

Of course their disguises were assumed only as a protection in case of a chance meeting with foes during twilight or darkness—in the full light of day they could not hope to pass master as genuine redmen. Concealment would then become necessary.

An exceedingly dark night favored their egress from the fort.

"Is Colonel Willett to leave also to-night?" asked Rufus Beck, the individual accepted by Dyke Kopinall as a capable assistant in the contemplated work of rescue.

The question was addressed to Lieut. Livingston.

"Yes," he replied; "I thought you understood. Colonel Willett and Stockwell are to endeavor to get through to-night, and their attempt will precede ours by an hour. It is now ten o'clock, and they start at that time. Ah! here they come."

A party of men had approached the sally-port, and one of them stepped forward to speak a word or two to the young officer. This person was Colonel Willett himself. With a look of mingled seriousness and humor he said:

"The young Mohawk rejoins his people soon. If I and my companion should be so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, what influence would he have to withhold their vengeance?"

"Very little, I fear, colonel. My presence at a council would not long be unquestioned. I make a very poor Mohawk, I apprehend, except in the shadows."

Colonel Willett took Lionel's hand.

"Good-night," he said with a seriousness that became such a parting.

"Good-night," responded the lieutenant. "Success to *your* mission, though I fail in mine."

"God guide us all to-night," said the colonel. Then turning to Stockwell, he asked if he was ready to proceed. Receiving an affirmative answer, the two bade those around them adieu collectively, and then crept through the sally-port out into the darkness and the thronging perils it concealed.

An hour went by. To the anxious watchers within the fort, it had been freighted with suspense, for they feared every moment that a whoop, or yell, or shot proclaiming the discovery, capture or death of the adventurous men, would strike their ears. But no unusual sound disturbed the silence.

"They may be through by this time," spoke one of the company that had gathered to see the next party off, "or they may not be fifty rods from us. But the chances are that in this darkness, with no outcry or alarm as yet, they're out of danger."

"And now we will try our luck," said Dyke Kopinall, stepping forward, his tall, disguised form looking enough like Brant to deceive even his own men.

Lionel and Beck followed. A brief but earnest adieu was taken, the sally-port was again opened, and three more gallant men crept out into the encircling darkness. For a few rods there was safety, and then they came upon ground as dangerous as if every foot had been mined with death. Like human torpedoes the savages lurked in every covert; a touch, a step, and one of these living mines might be sprung.

Not only in marsh and thicket lay the savages, but in the trees above, thinking not, it is true, of the presence of any foe, but watchful nevertheless. Toward the beleaguered fortress their vision was directed, for it was thought that the hard-pressed garrison might, under cover of the darkness, make a grand effort to break through the encircling lines and escape to the stronghold below.

To the three crouching, gliding figures that had stolen from the shelter of Stanwix, nothing was visible, save a faint light in the direction of St. Leger's camp. They were nearly an hour in passing over the few rods from the fort to the river bank, along which they crept until they found their progress opposed by the unseen but unmistakable presence of a number of Indians. Dyke Kopinall was the first to pause.

"There's not less than a dozen of 'em just ahead," he whispered softly to his comrades; "I hear their voices murmuring like a brook. Maybe they'd ask us to join 'em if they were to hear us brushing by. Hist! Beck, don't be in a hurry."

The savages appeared to be holding an impromptu consultation, which was soon ended and the party began to move.

"Down," warned Kopinall. "They're coming this way. Don't move without they're about to tread on you."

The three men crouched lower than ever in the swamp grass as the savages went by. A few moments of breathless silence succeeded their departure; and then, in a whisper of relieved suspense, Dyke said—

"We're through the thick now, and I'm going it bolder. If we are seen here we'll not be suspected."

He rose upright as he spoke, the others following his example, and with less caution they went forward along the river bank.

"We must not leave a straight trail from the fort," remarked Kopinall, "or else the coming daylight may show what we've been at. We've wriggled along pretty broadly, and I'm afraid there's too much of a path behind us; but we'll bother 'em to find where it ends in this direction."

So saying he diverged from the line he had been following, and struck in toward the camp, so as to make sure that their trail would be crossed by others, and thus lost in the general confusion.

After attending to this precaution they returned to the river, as they wished to make that their guide, without which, in the darkness, they might at last become bewildered and lose their way. Especially did Dyke desire to keep the stream, as on its bank, some distance above, there was a cave, well known to him, and which was the place of concealment they designed seeking. He was almost sure that the Indians had not discovered it, for nature had most jealously hidden it, as if she had resolved that one spot in that region should remain sacredly hers. But the scout, years ago, had accidentally discovered it, and had kept its existence a secret ever since. Lionel and Beck, previous to their departure from the fort, had been informed of the fact of such a retreat, and of their comrade's design to make it a base of operations in their attempt to rescue the captive ladies.

For some rods after their return to the river bank they pursued their way without obstruction. Once or twice they heard footsteps near, but they paid slight regard to them, for they knew the enemy would little suspect a hostile presence at that point.

But now the light of a line of fires on the opposite shore—where the Indians appeared to have an encampment of their own—began to brighten the obscurity somewhat, and objects were in a degree rendered discernible.

"An Indian must have his fire, winter or summer," muttered Kopinall, shrinking back into the shadows. "I'm sure it's warm enough to-night without, though."

The air had become close and oppressive, and there were indications of a storm.

"A good shower would serve us well," thought Lionel. "Every trace of our passage would be obliterated."

"There!" ejaculated Beck under his breath.

A flash of lightning from the overcast sky lit the scene for a moment. A sharp peal of thunder followed.

The three men sprang for a denser cover, fearing that this unexpected illumination would with dangerous distinctness reveal their presence to some near foe.

"I was expecting a storm, but not so soon," said Dyke in a whisper.

It was not, in fact, a regular thunder-storm, swinging from horizon to horizon, and coming after the usual lengthened warning, but a sudden meeting of two heavy clouds that had toppled toward each other in the gloom, as a couple of hostile men-of-war might drift toward each other during a "thick" night at sea. These floating batteries of the heavens at once opened upon each other hotly. A fierce, blinding flash followed the first, after an interval of only a few seconds, and a crashing thunder peal succeeded. This was instantly answered by a discharge from the opposing mass. There was little rain, the absence of which rendered this singular cloud combat the more impressive.

"Close to the ground!" whispered Kopinall. "This won't last long I hope, for if it does we may be—Ah!"

A meteor-like gleam lighted up the spot with the brightness, almost, of day, and, descending from a large pine, near the base of which the trio were crouching, they saw a gigantic savage, who had either discovered them or else wished to forsake his lofty perch during the prevalence of such a threatening display of electricity.

"Has he seen us?" queried Kopinall. "If so I had better knife him; for he may think our action suspicious, and raise an alarm."

But the next flash showed the Indian, not glaring excitedly toward his apprehensive foes, but looking toward the fire-spread skies as if from them he feared a destructive bolt. The expression of his countenance satisfied the scout that they had not yet been seen, and he relaxed himself from the posture in which he had fixed himself for a deadly spring.

"Go, you red beast!" he muttered. "There's lightning *here* that would strike surer than that above, but I'll spare you out of consideration for ourselves. This has been a mighty still night so far, excepting the thunder, and I don't want to raise a cry if I can help it."

The savage did not move immediately from the spot—thus proving that he had no suspicion of the presence of enemies—but stood looking up toward the awful sky, his red, swarthy features lighted by the almost incessant play of the electric element; and having on them that curious and indescribable expression of awe that the ignorant show when they witness some unusual demonstration of nature's power. The whole scene was a most startling and picturesque one, and the young heart of Lionel was struck with the vivid poetical beauty of the spectacle. His ruder companions did not so much notice this, but kept close watch upon the savage alone. The latter soon moved from the spot; but he had barely disappeared before other actors came upon the scene. A party of warriors, who had perhaps crossed from the opposite shore, ascended the bank of the stream and struck out in the direction of the camp of the regulars.

"Down again," warned the older scout. "At this rate we'll be kept here all night. Heavens! how the clouds blaze!"

This time it seemed impossible for the three men to escape discovery. The savages were coming directly toward them. To be seen crouching as if attempting concealment would be more dangerous than to move boldly forward in their assumed characters.

"To your feet," breathed Dyke in a tone of decision as he saw what was inevitable. "Their path is almost over us. Now our red-skin rig will serve us well."

The three disguised men arose to their feet, and with no apparent desire to avoid observation, moved off at an angle that would bring them in view of the intruding party, but did not necessitate a direct meeting. That they were discovered was evident at once, for as Dyke Kopinall turned his head toward the savages, he saw in the fierce and fitful flashing of the storm, the whole number in an attitude of passing attention, and one of them pointing toward their supposed comrades.

Dyke chuckled.

"Think I'm Brant, maybe; well, think so. You wouldn't if there was rain enough to wash off this dirty paint. There it comes at last though!"

The concluding words were occasioned by a rush of heavy drops from the hot hearts of the clouds, tired at last, as it seemed, of their splendid strife. A continuous, mellow roar preceded this vigorous prelude.

The rain had commenced in earnest. The lightning still ran in crinkling lines along the sky, writing strange, fiery hieroglyphics on the ebony scroll of the heavens and revealing the bronze and marble edges of the clouds, but the crashing thunder-peals had changed to long, rolling reverberations, incessant but not startling.

Our three friends, under cover of the storm, made their way without the exercise of much further caution to a point on the river opposite the spot where stood the secret cave. They crossed the stream without difficulty, and, under the guidance of Dyke Kopinall, Lionel and Beck were conducted to the very door of the retreat.

"We're nigh home," said he, "but if I weren't along you'd have some trouble in getting in. Do you guess what sort of a hole I'm taking you to, Beck?"

"Not at all."

"You've ranged this valley considerable, both before and since the war, and you never found what I found, eh?" said Dyke, as if to fully assure himself that his fellow scout had not indeed an inkling of the secret, notwithstanding his professed ignorance.

"I tell you, no," replied Beck, a little resentfully.

"And you've passed this spot a thousand times, at least, haven't you?"

"Not less, I swear."

"Well, then," pursued Kopinall, with a satisfied air, "if *your* eyes haven't spied the secret, I feel pretty sure a Mohawk's won't. We'll go in now; it's well we're wet, for we would have to be to enter."

They stood in front of a steep, stony bank, and at a point where a small tributary of the Mohawk tumbled down to join the parent stream. A smooth, broad sheet of water, forming a pretty cascade, fell from a height of about seven feet upon a natural pavement below.

The clouds had broken away somewhat, and the starlight enabled the wondering eyes of the lieutenant and Beck to take in the aspect of the spot, though it was familiar to both in externals.

"Follow me," directed the older scout, "and don't be afraid to tread firm, you'll find a good landing."

As he spoke, he stepped to the plashing front of the cascade, parting the water as he would a curtain, and disappeared beyond.

Beck was amazed—too amazed to follow.

"Come on," called the voice of Dyke through the watery screen.

Lionel, amazed and admiring both, stepped ahead of his companion, plunged through the falling front of foam, and caught the extended hand of the waiting scout. He could see nothing but the dim, water-veiled opening through which he had come, and he felt as if he was in one of those bewildering situations to which we are sometimes carried in dreams.

Beck came after him, shivering and ejaculating, and not quite sure that he was awake either.

"I say, Dyke Kopinall, where the mischief are you? I feel like I used to when a child I would fall out of bed in the dark and get lost in the room. It's a queer feelin', if you ever knowed it. Speak to me, you wizard."

Dyke laughed as if he enjoyed his companions' bewilderment immensely.

"You had a secret worth keeping," said Lionel. "Why, this is fairyland itself."

"You can't see what it is yet. There's quite a chamber beyond. I've fitted it up snug, and even laid in a stock of provisions, thinking perhaps I should have need to call here if I should happen to be hard pressed on a scout."

"How did you ever chance to discover it?"

"It was during the winter—the winter of '69, when everything froze but fire itself. The stream above was ice to the bottom, and the door in front was like a huge piece of cut-glass—no getting through then. But there was a hole left near one side, and I just happened, passing one day, to peep in, and discovered what I don't think a redskin ever did. That was—let me see, this is 77—eight years ago, and I never told the secret to white or red. I just wanted to know something nobody else did."

"And now you have shared the knowledge with us," said Lionel.

"It's time some others knew. I needn't have been so close about it, I suppose. But I didn't know how soon trouble would come with the red-skins, and I thought such a hiding-place might serve me well some day. If we can only get the ladies here, lieutenant, we could manage to make it comfortable until the siege is ended one way or the other, unless we choose to try for the forts below."

"As a temporary refuge nothing could be safer, and I think my mother and Edith would not complain of such quarters. Oh, if we only *can* get them here, Dyke! it would be better than to be at Stanwix itself."

"Well, there will be some tall trying, that's certain. We're done well so far, and if Jack and Peter are not hung or scalped by this time, the prospect is fair for complete success. And now I wonder what's the hour. It must be near morning. There will be dim daylight here at the best; but I wish it would hurry up; I want you to see what a neat place we're in."

The early summer dawn soon began to brighten the outside world, and the walls of the cavern became dimly discernible. The strange excavation was then seen by those who had for the first time entered it to be about twenty feet square, with smooth, clean sides, a floor of natural pavement, and a roof of stone. It was in fact a rock-bound chamber, comfortable and dry, except in one corner where the water leaked through from the bed of the stream overhead.

"If the red-skins were to find us, lieutenant," said Dyke Kopinall, complacently, "they couldn't very well *burn* us out, could they?"

"Our *door* is safe against fire at least. Dyke, I wonder you did not turn hermit and take up your abode here long ago."

"It *was* a temptation," returned the scout; "but I think I would prefer a log-house for general habitation."

In this admirable retreat the three adventurous men remained until evening. The day seemed interminably long to Lionel, anxious and impatient as he was, but the golden August hours all went by at last, and forth from the cave stole the disguised trio, eager to penetrate the unguarded rear of the hostile camp and learn how their coadjutors had succeeded in their part of the plan of rescue.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT THE CAVE.

Edith Seymour's savage captor had not proceeded more than twenty rods from the spot where he had seized her, before he met with a very serious disablement indeed. This was nothing less than a terrific lunge made with a knife by a foe who sprung upon him, for all the savage knew, out of the earth itself. With one deep dying groan the lately triumphant warrior sank to the ground, bearing his senseless burden with him, but fortunately falling backward with Edith upon his bloody breast instead of under him.

A pair of strong, eager arms caught her from the fallen form, while at the same moment another dark figure delivered a second murderous blow upon the body of the Indian, exclaiming in a suppressed but powerful breath as he did so:

"Take that, you red skulker."

"Is he quite dead?" asked a voice in a deep anxious whisper.

"Dead as death can make him."

"And shall we leave the body here?"

"We'll have to."

"It will betray us."

"There's no help for it; such a matter can't be covered up. Let the fellow lie. We must leave this quarter quick."

Had Edith returned to consciousness at the moment of her release from the iron arms that were bearing her away, she would not have been greatly relieved by a glimpse of the forms around her. From savage hands to savage hands she would have supposed that she had passed. When she did at length revive, it needed the thrilling pressure, the warm, murmurous words of love, and those oft repeated, to calm and reassure her.

"Edith, my darling, my lost one! is it indeed you? Oh, God, be thankful. You are saved, my own; it is I—it is Lionel."

"Lionel—Lionel," she said, with a long sinking sigh. "It cannot be; I dream: I am going wild."

"No—no; but speak not, breath not; there is danger still."

"Lionel—Lionel," she repeated. "Dear name! but he is far away."

"No, dear Edith; I am here—do you not comprehend?"

She opened her eyes and glanced eagerly up, only to have her fear and bewilderment increased by the sight of the grimly painted visage that bent to her own. The voice, the touch were his, but what meant that savage face? Lionel caught in the starlight the expression of her countenance, and said quickly, blaming himself for his forgetfulness:

"Ah! I should have explained—I terrify you, my darling; but it is I—disguised, you understand."

"I begin to comprehend," she answered, faintly but joyfully. "I have been so terrified—so startled. And it is you, dear Lionel? and I am rescued?"

"Your captor is slain, Edith. Dyke did it—Dyke Kopinall; he is with me, and we are bearing you to safety."

"God be praised for my deliverance!" she ejaculated, in low, fervent tones.

"God be praised indeed. But speak no more, dear Edith, until we have reached a safer spot. Perils are around us still."

She lay silent and peaceful on his breast, the long tension to which her nerves had been subjected, being followed by a complete reaction.

After a time Dyke relieved the young man of his burden, though the latter was loth to yield it. But Edith was really unable to proceed on foot, and it was necessary to reach the cave as soon as possible. The dead Indian might be discovered by his friends and an alarm would be raised immediately.

Crossing the river at a point some distance below the cave, the two men—Beck had not directly accompanied them, but had kept himself apart so that in case of an alarm he could draw attention from his comrades by making an entery in another quarter, thus enabling Lionel and Dyke the better to retire with the ladies if the latter should be found—waded up the stream so as to conceal their trail, until opposite the mouth of their hiding-place. They then turned toward that, and landed on the stony floor at the foot of the cascade.

Edith now insisted that she was quite able to proceed without making herself so burdensome to her rescuers.

"We have arrived at our resting place," said her lover. "It has not a very hospitable aspect, you will think, I fear."

She glanced around, seeing in the soft summer gloom nothing but a wild shore, the foamy front of the waterfall, and the river waters gliding past like liquid shadows.

"'Tis a lonely place," she answered, "but with you, Lionel, and—"

She paused, fearing to mention the names of the dear ones who were not with them to share the peaceful solitude.

Dyke Kopinall had plunged through the water-curtain the moment they had arrived at the front, and before Edith had noticed his disappearance he returned, bringing with him from the cave a close-rolled bundle, which was nothing more than a large piece of some sort of cloth, oiled so as to render it in a degree impervious to water. His object was to protect Edith from the wet as she passed the strange portal.

Lionel had commenced a description of the retreat they were about to enter.

"It is a remarkable spot indeed," he continued, "and the manner of entrance may quite appal you. We step through the very front of that falling sheet of water, Edith—it is the door, in fact. Allow yourself to be enveloped in this covering Dyke has brought, and then we will enter and wonder afterward."

They reached the interior safely, the fair girl wondering if they had not in their search for security, dispossessed some earth-gnome of its habitation.

"It is simply a natural excavation," said the lieutenant, "of no extraordinary character except as relates to the entrance. That, certainly, Nature has very originally and fancifully contrived, though I believe I have read of similar things. But now, dear Edith, never mind the cave; tell me of your experiences and adventures since you were forced to leave the Hall. I am burning to know."

"But your mother first, Lionel. What of her?"

"She is still in the British camp. We heard from her this evening through an agent there in the character of a pretended deserter. She says she is well and safe at present. We thought, or presumed rather, that you were both at the Hall still, and had planned to relase you. But you were gone, dear Edith, and my mother, though an opportunity of escape was offered, very strangely refused to accept it. I am perplexed, distressed, I may say, to know why she has thus acted. Can you enlighten me, my darling?"

The fair girl looked surprised and then thoughtful.

"Colonel Sayton informed you, did he not," she inquired, with a tremor of her voice, "of her alarming identification of St. Leger as the false Arthur Bantly of years ago?"

"Yes, yes," he said, hastily, "and the knowledge maddens me. He must be a base man, Edith. To think of my mother helpless in his hands! Yet if he dares to offer her insult, if he dares to wrong her by word or act, I pray that Heaven permit me to live to avenge the dishonor. St. Leger's laurels, if he should win them, shall be dyed in his own blood."

"Oh, hush, Lionel, you alarm me."

"But consider the probabilities."

"I do, I do. But you say that your mother sends you the intelligence that she is safe at present. Something has occurred in her favor, dear Lionel, I am sure. When I was so cruelly forced from her—from my war-ruined home—she was in a state of dreadful apprehension; dismayed, hopeless and almost maddened. She thought not of herself alone, it is true, but of Gertie and myself, as well as of others not so near to her—"

"Gertie—God bless her blue eyes!—is at the fort, and safe, I trust."

"*I* also am safe with you and gallant Dyke."

"Yes, thanks to him."

The scout muttered something in disclaimer of all the credit, and Edith resumed:

"And I think we have full reason to be very grateful, Lionel, that, although your mother is still a prisoner, we have her own assurance that she is not in immediate peril."

"Yes, but I do not understand it. She sent us word that *when the retreat commenced*, that is, when St. Leger abandoned the siege, she would need and accept our aid."

"You trust your mother, Lionel?" said Edith solemnly, after a pause.

"Edith, oh, Edith!" cried the young officer, in a tone of pained reproach.

"I did not mean to question that you do," she rejoined quickly. "I only wished to express in that way how entirely I think you trust her. I have my conjecture as to the motive of her action."

"What is it, Edith?" he asked, with tremulous impatience.

"Your mother is the possessor of rare personal beauty, united with every charm of manner, every grace of expression."

"You praise her; but it is so."

"Yes; all that."

"A very Queen of Hearts."

"She gave *her* heart but once, and trifled with no other."

"Yes; but all love her. She could make any man her slave."

"Even Burgoyne himself."

"She was once the pride and star of a brilliant circle. Retaining all her charms, if she was such a light where others sought to rival her, what must she appear here in camp, the wilderness? St. Leger loved her once; he loves her still. She, to save herself for the time, though she become a sacrifice afterward, but most *to serve her country*, has resolved to play a painful but heroic part. You understand me, Lionel. St. Leger is to be won from the work with which he has been entrusted. He is to be blandished, blinded, and broken on the wheel of his own evil desires. The hour, as we know, is most critical to our beloved country. The union of St. Leger and Burgoyne means almost certain overthrow of the combinations raised against them. The patriots thus defeated in the North, will have a hopeless prospect indeed. But a single hand may turn the scale. It is your mother, dear Lionel, your pure and noble mother, who, seeing, or imagining she sees, this opportunity, has touched with her fair fingers the scale of a nation's fate."

Edith spoke in low, murmurous, eloquent tones, while Lionel listened, thrilled and silent.

"Women before have changed for the better the current of mighty events," he said, solemnly; "have decided the destiny of nations. God sanctify this new sacrifice!"

"And save her at last," added the maiden.

"He will, I trust, by us, His instruments. Speak no more of my mother now, Edith, but tell me of yourself—of what befell you from the period of your removal from the Hall to your rescue."

She told him all—of her pain at the cruel separation—of Wellmore Hoyt's threats, attempted beguilements and importunities—of her despair in view of the purposed unholy marriage—of Lydia Hoyt's sympathy and assistance—of the stratagem and its success—of her recapture and her terror—and—he knew the rest.

"How you have been tried and wronged, my dear one," said her lover with deepest feeling. "And after all your previous suffering and alarm, I wonder that you have survived it. That villain Hoyt deserves the rope; but, for his sister's sake, I would be merciful to him were he in my power."

"Precious little good is he to her," growled Dyke Kopinall; "she a true blue patriot and he the rankest tory of the settlement. Miss Liddy sticks to her colors through thick and thin, doing 'most as much *for* the cause as he does against it. We couldn't do without the women in this work, I tell you, lieutenant."

Dyke spoke enthusiastically, but Lionel looked grave, thinking of all the closing words unconsciously suggested. Had either he or Edith felt in the mood, they would have made some humorous allusion to their companion's evident appreciation of the tory's sister, but the occasion was not one for badinage.

"And now," said Edith, "will you not narrate the story of your own adventures?"

"You are weary, Edith; you must rest," answered her lover. "To-morrow—or to-day rather, for morning is approaching—you shall hear all. I know not how you will adapt yourself to such rude surroundings, but we will endeavor to make you comfortable. Dyke has provided quite luxuriously in the housekeeping line, and you may find this couch tolerable. But I am sorry—"

"Think of what I have escaped," she interrupted—"imprisonment, dishonor, death itself. Oh, I am very thankful, very grateful indeed. Others in this dreadful war have lost property, friends, life, everything. I, though I too have suffered, have still so much remaining. Would that I personally could aid my country more."

"You have borne a noble part already, Edith. But endeavor to find repose now, or day will be upon us."

She threw herself upon the rude but comfortable couch of dried skins that had been made in the pleasantest corner of the cave, and after a time slumber came to her wearied frame.

Her companions did not attempt like refreshment, but remained on the watch for Beck, whose prolonged absence caused them considerable anxiety. They were wet and tired, but such discomforts could well be endured by their strong, healthy frames. The weather was warm, and the cave cool—so would have been agreeable could they have had dry garments. But their fair companion was safe and comfortable, and of themselves they did not think.

"Beck must have met with trouble," remarked Dyke, after a period of silent watching. "But I have heard no alarm, and it may be that he is only prospecting a little out of mere love for it. He should join us before daybreak, though."

"Hark!" cried Lionel, in an excited whisper, being careful not to disturb Edith. "Was not that a shot?"

Dyke smiled, with an incredulous shake of the head.

"Your ears are *younger* than mine, lieutenant; but I never thought they nor any other man's were *sharper*. Maybe that Indian rig quickens 'em, and you *did* hear a shot. I'll knock under when it comes to a Mohawk's hearing; I was speaking of white men."

"I am sure I heard the not distant report of a rifle," declared Lionel.

"A gun fired not far away and I not hear it! I'm a little flustered in the *tin pan* (tympan the scout probably meant) by the pour of that waterfall, I take it."

He was loth to acknowledge that his sense of hearing was less acute than that of his younger companion.

"Ah!" he suddenly exclaimed in the next breath. "There it goes, plain. You must have been right, lieutenant. Beck's run afoul of some of his red brothers, and they aren't willing to be friendly."

A score of shots were next heard, with the well-known Indian whoop.

"They're after him sharp," said Dyke.

"Will he enter here?" asked Lionel.

"No; he might show 'em the secret. Daylight's come, and it wouldn't be right on Miss Edith's account to dodge in here. There he goes now, I swear!"

A flying form sprang past the mouth of the cave as the watchers were informed by a shadowy flash through the intervening sheet of water.

"He thought maybe he could make it, but found he would betray us," said Dyke. "Beck ain't the man to save his own life by endangering the lives of his friends. No; he'll die first. But he'll get off unless the reds are too close upon him. Ah! that cry!"

"It is Beck's voice!" gasped the young man, turning to his comrade with a look of horror. "They have overtaken him. Can we do nothing, Dyke?"

The excitement of the scout was terrible. He clenched his rifle, and seemed about to spring out to the assistance of the unfortunate man. But he restrained himself and pointed toward the sleeping figure of their fair charge, who had not been aroused as yet from her slumber of exhaustion by the alarming noises outside.

A succession of shots followed the cry made by the fugitive.

"He's done for," said Dyke Kopinall, in a hoarse, agonized whisper. "We can't help him now."

"The noble fellow!" breathed Lionel, with equal emotion. "And he might have saved himself for the time, at least, by plunging in here."

"And betraying *her*. *You* wouldn't have done that, lieutenant?"

"No, no; but you misunderstand me. I only meant to express my sense of his heroic self-sacrifice."

"That's better. Beck has lost his scalp, but that's not so bad by a mighty sight as to do the cowardly thing. Poor fellow! I wonder how it happened."

Edith at this moment awoke with a start—almost a cry, seeing in the dim light the forms of her friends, and not instantly remembering their disguise.

Lionel made a gesture enjoining silence.

"Is there danger?" she asked in a low, trembling tone.

"Not to us I trust, but our comrade has fallen into the hands of our enemies."

"Is he dead?" trembled the white lips of the lovely girl.

The sad looks of both her companions was sufficient answer.

For the next half hour the savages remained near the spot, as if searching for a hiding place that they believed was near. Our friends anxiously awaited the result, fearing that the cave would be discovered, as the Indians had undoubtedly found traces of the recent presence of others besides their victim's footprints, on the sediment deposited on the rocks perhaps. But the day passed, and the occupants of the cave remained undisturbed.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE TOILS.

With pain and fear in her heart, but nerved by a patriotic purpose, Margaret Livingston descended from her chamber to another of those interviews with St. Leger, which had now become his daily, or rather nightly, demand. To her society every evening he hastened, whether or not the affairs of the camp and siege demanded elsewhere his presence and attention. He was no longer absorbed in the many and momentous duties of his military trust, but in the rare companionship that was now his.

His passion filled and fevered his whole being; his infatuation was complete. He saw nothing, suspected nothing of the fatal snare into which he had been drawn.

He was not yet sure of the love he sought, but his uncertainty was glorious. *His* passion was genuine; and it did not occur to him to question hers.

St. Leger was in the parlor when Mrs. Livingston entered. He had been impatiently awaiting her coming for some minutes, and, as the door opened to admit her, he arose with a glad light in his eyes, and upon his lips the passionate whisper—"Margaret! Margaret!"

How beautiful she looked! how resistless in her ripe and perfected charms!

She smiled him an answer; took his hand with a touch that thrilled him to the soul. Yet through all her warmth and winsomeness of manner, showed that gentle but recognizable reserve she had before maintained; that kept him from offering the closer greeting the accepted lover is quick to bestow. It was this mysterious reserve—so slight and yet so strong—that perplexed and chilled him, and still at the same time drew him on.

"Only this—only this," he sighed to himself; "else she were wholly mine." He led her to a seat, taking a place by her side.

"You are glorious to-night, Margaret," he murmured; "but you are more star-like than sun-like. Why will you not warm? Why not be to me as I am to you? You tell me with your eyes that you love me; you tell me again that you do not. Yet I do not doubt you; I only fear that the memory of the—the wrong I did you, still lingers in your heart. If you only *would* listen, Margaret, or say that you forgive me."

"Let the past be forgotten," she said with sweet equivocation: "it is the present with which we have to do."

"Be it so then. But oh, Margaret, if you would but listen. I—"

She interrupted him hastily, saying—

"What matter the things and days departed? You say you love me, and why do you pain me then by such sad references?"

He sighed, and yet was satisfied. If she desired to waive the past, he was more than willing. He had feared that she still distrusted him, but began to hope that she had only been dissembling, with that sweet perversity that woman sometimes exercises when she in her heart forgives a wrong, but will not acknowledge that she does.

"She is too proud to accept at once my exculpation," he reflected, "for she deeply felt the wrong; but she loves me, and I will receive the pardon I seek at last, and with it the full confession of her love."

"You are paining yourself needlessly," she said gently. "Let me change the current of your thoughts; let me read to you or sing to you."

"Do," he said delightedly. "Sing to me; it will be Heaven to hear you."

She had a rich, cultivated voice, matchless in its sweetness and pathos. She sang, and a syren might have envied her the possession of such a beguiling power.

It was a simple love ballad that she first attempted. With heart and soul and brain oppressed as hers were, she had doubted her ability to please her listener, but with the first note that floated from her lips she felt more than her wonted power come to her.

St. Leger heard her enraptured. How far seemed now the battle-field and camp! The roar of the besieging guns was drowned in that single voice!

She ceased; but a pulsing murmur of music was in the room; a delicious listening languor wrapped the senses of the lover. The melody became only a memory at last, however, and he entreated her to waken the sweet sound again.

She gratified him, singing a gay, airy glee, as light and care-free as a stir of blossom-perfumed winds. When this was finished, almost without pause she changed to that sad dirge, sung by Amiens in "As You Like It—

"Blow, blow thou bitter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude."

The contrast with the preceding breeze-like melody was startling. St. Leger looked up amazed.

"Why do you sing that?" he asked.

She smiled, but sang on—

"Heigh, ho! sing heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly."

"You do not think so?" he questioned painfully as she paused. With another inexplicable smile, she resumed—

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembering not."

"Cease, Margaret," implored St. Leger. "You pain me; you appal me. I do not understand why you should sing that dismal dirge."

"It occurred to me," she answered; "but if you do not like it you shall have no more of the kind. Perhaps, though, you are weary of all my singing."

"No, no; it was the subject, not the execution, I did not admire. Give me at least another like your first."

She was about to commence when a sharp signal at the door prevented. St. Leger frowned darkly as he crossed the floor with impatient steps to ascertain the cause of the interruption.

An aid-de-camp was in the hall, having an important message for the commander.

"I will attend to the matter in the morning," Mrs. Livingston heard him say.

"But Colonel Brant declares—"

"Brant be hung!" exclaimed St. Leger, angrily. "Am I not commander of this army?"

"You are, sir, but the peculiar circumstances of—"

Again the aid-de-camp was rudely interrupted.

A few days before, and St. Leger was profoundly concerned to know how to propitiate and retain his savage allies. *Now* the matter gave him little uneasiness indeed.

"There are no peculiar circumstances," he said with less courtesy than became an officer of his rank in the treatment of a subordinate. "We are able to take the fort ourselves; it is on the point of surrender now. Let the red-skins go if they wish; they are an unruly horde anyhow, and I would like to be rid of them.

The aid-de-camp looked up appalled, but said respectfully:

"You do not consider, sir, I fear—"

"There is no need to consider. You will oblige me, major, by returning to Colonel Pitcairn and asking him not to distress himself with undue apprehensions. I will attend to this unruly chieftain in the morning."

"It may be too late then," thought the officer, but he dared not expostulate for fear of a reprimand. Without further attempt to impress his commander with the necessity of immediate action in reference to the subject he had been instructed to bring to St. Leger's notice, the aid-de-camp retired, not without a conviction that the seriousness of the matter had been greatly underrated by the colonel.

"What has come over our leader?" mused the major uneasily as he left the Hall. "Is he indifferent, over-confident, in love, or what? If Brant is to be snubbed and slighted in this fashion, Gansevoort may count on holding Stanwix till he's tired. We can't win alone, and yet St. Leger is getting himself in a mess with our Indian allies, troublesome enough in the first place. It won't take more than a word to send Brant off in a rage—perhaps to turn him against us. We are all afraid of him now—except the colonel, whom may the gods arouse, for he is blind to the danger around us. A pretty go it will be for us to straggle back to Montreal, a beaten crew, after all our crowing. Burgoyne, my lord! you'll wait long for *us* to join you, if this is the way things are to be managed."

St. Leger, the frown fading from his brow as he dismissed his subordinate and returned to the side of Mrs. Livingston, made some remark that gave her a further understanding of the critical pass which his relations with the Indians had reached. She instantly saw how fatal a rupture or disagreement with the savages might prove, oblivious as St. Leger was to the necessities of the case.

"I have gained another point," she ejaculated to herself with thankful fervency. "God of my country, I thank Thee! Perhaps I *am* Thy chosen instrument to avert the ruin that threatens our struggling cause."

Was she impious? was she acting a false and dishonorable part? No; never did holier purposes animate a soul; never were means more justifiably employed. Apart from her desire and the opportunity to serve her almost despairing country, that great first law of Nature—self-preservation—impelled her to her present course. And it was not the preservation of her life that she was attempting, but of that which was far more dear to her than life—honor. She knew the man before her—knew that if it were not for the false hope of winning her love that she had led him to entertain, he would turn upon her with the wicked, passion-strengthened purpose that had at first been awakened in his heart.

"War is terrible," sighed St. Leger as he seated himself by the beautiful woman, "I sicken of its cares, its woes and its cruelties. Let me forget them awhile if I can. Sing for me again, Margaret; sing for me. Your voice is sweeter than a seraph's. Sing; but no sad song; sing of life, of hope, of happiness, of love."

Again her voice, the purest contralto, low and tremulous, but clear, filled the soft air with melody. There was an infinite pathos in it at times; a ravishing sweetness at others. Hope, pity, despair and triumph were all by turns expressed.

She sang song after song. She lifted him to the heights of rapture; she drew him almost to the level of tears. She surprised not only him, but herself. She knew not before that such a gift was hers. Friends had praised her, flatterers had more than praised her; to-night all would have joined in even more lavish encomiums.

When at last she ceased, St. Leger seemed bound by a spell of enchantment. He spoke no words of admiration, but his looks fully expressed the rapture he felt.

"I must leave you," said Mrs. Livingston, suddenly rising as if to go.

"So soon," he murmured regretfully. "How short the time has been! You have made it Heaven for me to-night, Margaret—almost Heaven, I should say, for you have not yet *spoken* those closing words you sung. Will you not; oh, will you not—"

"Hush, hush!" she said, hastily, but with another of those winning, ambiguous smiles. "To-morrow night I will—"

"You will tell me then you love me? Do you promise that?"

"I will sing for you again," she answered quietly. "But now I must go. Must I have armed attendance to my chamber? Am I your prisoner still?"

"My prisoner!" he ejaculated, reproachfully. "My queen you are: my peerless, my star! It is I who am in bonds, and I would not be released. Go, Margaret; the guard will attend you—for it is best; but only in honor and for protection. You do not ask to leave me? leave the camp, I mean?" he asked, with a first and sudden suspicion.

"No, no," she answered with quick and fervent earnestness. "As God sees me, I do not wish to leave you *now*."

He was instantly and wholly re-assured; and yet how entirely had he misunderstood her!

She spoke a graceful word of parting, and then went out. St. Leger, after seeing her to the door, returned and threw himself on the sofa they had occupied. His heart was throbbing with passion, his brain was burning with a rapturous excitement, his every sense was under the influence of a spell that for the time utterly disqualified him for the duties of his position as commander of the besieging army.

He did not arouse himself from his delicious reveries that night, giving no attention to the grave matter that had been brought to his notice in the evening.

When morning dawned, it found him unrefreshed, restless, irritable and unreasonable. The first news that met him was that Brant and the majority of his warriors had departed during the night down the valley for Kingston and other settlements.

"Let the red wretches go," thundered St. Leger with an oath, to the officer who had given him the information. "We need their help no longer—they have been more of a burden and a terror to us than a serviceable force, anyhow. But *why* did the devilish half-breed take himself off?" he had the curiosity to inquire.

"He was tired of the siege," answered the officer respectfully, "and declared he would have more active work. His object is plunder no doubt; plunder and massacre."

"Of course, he cares nothing for military results."

"And Colonel St. Leger appears to have lost some of *his* interest in the successful termination of the siege," was the thought that entered the officer's mind, but which he dared not express. St. Leger parted from his subordinate, and then went to the front to acquaint himself with the progress of affairs there. He found much to dissatisfy him, but never once thought to charge himself with the blame. He censured his officers unjustly; offended many, and instead of lessening the spirit of discontent that had already begun to prevail, he added to it. A word of suggestion, expostulation or defence raised his wrath at once.

A strange inefficiency fell upon the whole army, the origin of which was with the commander. Curses, sneers, threats and predictions of disaster came freely from the lips of the officers when they spoke of their lately trusted leader.

Ah! if the garrison of Stanwix could only know all!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Alfred's Failure.

"There is Alfred Sutton home with his family to live on the old folks," said one neighbor to another. "It seems hard, after all his father has done to fit him for business, and the capital he invested to start him so fairly. It is surprising he has turned out so poorly. He is a steady young man, no bad habits, as far as I know; he had a good education, and was always considered smart; but he doesn't succeed in anything. I am told he has tried a number of different sorts of business, and sunk money every time. What can be the trouble with Alfred? I should like to know, for I don't want my boy to take his turn."

"Alfred is smart enough," said the other, "and has education enough, but he lacks the one element of success. He never wants to give a dollar's worth of work for a dollar of money; and there is no other way for a young man to make his fortune. He must dig if he would get gold. All the men that have succeeded, honestly or dishonestly, in making money, have had to work for it—the sharpers sometimes the hardest of all. Alfred wished to set his train in motion, and let it take care of itself. No wonder it soon ran off the track, and a smash-up was the result. Teach your boy, friend Arober, to work with a will when he does work. Give him play enough to make him healthy and happy, but let him learn early that work is the business of life. Patient, self denying work is the price of success. Ease and indolence eat away not capital only, but worse, still, all a man's nerve-power. Present gratification tends to put off duty until to-morrow or next week, and so the golden moments slip by. It is getting to be a rare thing for the sons of rich men to die rich. Too often they squander in half a score of years what their fathers were a lifetime in accumulating. I wish I could ring it in the ear of every aspiring young man that work, hard work, of head and hands, is the price of success."—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ THE word "home"—lovely to all—is perhaps never felt in the fulness of its peaceful beauty except by the homeless.

THE MYSTERY

OF

Robert Carlingford's Wife.

BY ELIZA ARCHARD.

"Robert! Robert!"

That was the first time Robert Carlingford heard the voice. It was the 29th of April, 1865, half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. He was particular in remembering the date afterward. He had a special reason. For the voice was the voice of the woman who was to be his wife. He did not know it then, in truth he had never seen the young woman till that moment, April 29th, 1865, half-past three in the afternoon; but it was to be, all the same. It was written in the book of fate that on the twenty-ninth of April, half-past three in the afternoon, Robert Carlingford should be walking past School-house No. 4, and hear a soft, thrilling, flute-like voice calling him:

"Robert! Robert!"

There was a tone of entreaty in the soft, thrilling voice, a tone of warning, of expostulation, which checked the steps of Robert Carlingford instantly. He turned about and saw, leaning over the school-house gate, a girl-angel in a blue dress. A girl angel with golden hair, and a blue dress, and a soft, thrilling voice. Robert Carlingford raised his hat. It was not done in that easy, superlatively self-possessed, what-the-devil-do-you-want manner of a gentleman of the new school. There was an odd embarrassment, timidity, almost, in the manner of this young fellow, tall, big, handsome as Hercules. One of the finest sights in this world is a big, handsome, pure-looking man. I'd rather look at such a man than at the best picture that ever was painted. Wouldn't you? Robert Carlingford was so taken aback, so wholly, for the moment, under the thrall of the soft, thrilling, strangely sweet voice, that men nor angels could have persuaded him that the voice had not called him, Robert Carlingford. He raised his hat.

"I beg pardon. Did you call me, miss?"

The girl-angel blushed divinely, as was becoming, indeed, to an angel, and smiled as nobody but an angel could smile. Robert Carlingford would have sworn it. At that instant a ragged little urchin with a snub nose, a cap without a brim, an item of a toeless shoe upon one foot, and an item of a heel-less boot upon the other, came running forward, panting, and pretending to be in a general state of breathless haste all over, but with a sly half-wink in his bright little eye, as he turned it sideways toward Robert Carlingford, which seemed to say:

"I'm only foolin', and she knows it."

"Who are you?" said Robert Carlingford to this sharp, small man with a snub nose, and a cap without any brim.

"If you please, I'm Bobby O'Hare, sur," said the sharp, small man. "And the mistress does be callin' me."

"To be sure she wasn't calling *me*. I might have known," muttered Robert Carlingford. But he stood looking at the girl-angel in the blue dress, all the same as if she had been, until she disappeared quite from his vision within the interior regions of School-house No. 4, room No. 6.

And as she went, she took with her the idly-roving heart of Robert Carlingford. He could not have told whether the brief, fleeting presence, that chilly April day, had seemed to him most like a summer-blue sky gilded by a golden sunbeam, or like a golden sunbeam shaded by a summer-blue sky. He was positive there was something which was to him like a summer-blue sky and a golden sunbeam with music in it. That was all. Yet not quite all. There was, besides, a vague, odd feeling which, in his most serious moments, had never come to him before, a feeling that the man who had a home, and could bring into it such a blue sky and golden sunbeam, would have in his heart and home a summer light and warmth and richness in the darkest, wildest, coldest weathers, yea, forever and evermore.

Robert Carlingford was a lonely man. He was a rich man with no snobbery about him. He had no sympathy with, or share in, the snobbery of his day and generation. He had a fat, haughty dowager mother, with silver-gray curls, massive gold chains, family diamonds, two-hundred-year-old heirlooms, and all that fusty rubbish. These things, dowager mother and all, were no more a part of his life than the ornamental marble column he leaned against sometimes, to chat with a forlorn little beggar-child in the street. He felt a strange kinship of forlornness with these outcast children, who in their way, were not more beggared than he in his way. He was a pure-hearted, high-souled man who sought for his kindred among those who wore the purple and fine linen of this world—and never found them. He was sick to the heart of hollow forms and small fooleries. At times the life of a wild Indian seemed better to him than the life of a fashionable, civilized man or woman.

So it was written in the book of fate that this man should hear the voice of Alice Lorne speaking his name. Of sweet Alice Lorne, so fair, gentle, kindly and true, that the other schoolmistresses who ground their lives out in the tiresome treadmill of our glorious common-school system, at first half in jest, then wholly in earnest, named her "Sweet Alice," and in time half her pupils, behind her back, spoke of her as Sweet Alice, too.

Sweet Alice lived with another schoolmistress in two little back rooms up three pairs of stairs. Robert Carlingford found that out afterward. He haunted Jefferson street like a very demon of unrest, morning, afternoon and midday. A deep, wicked plot formed itself in the recesses of his brain. He waylaid ragged Bobby O'Hare, the small, sharp man, and bribed him with a quart of peanuts, to the dire danger of a deadly derangement of Bobby's inwards, (he ate them all at once,) to talk of his teacher.

"She's a stunner, sur. She's champion o' the ring. All of 'em says that."

A howl arose from a group of boys in an alley near by, and Bobby darted off like a shot, piping in a fierce treble:

"Ger reat prize fight! Heenan an' Sayers! Give 'm yer flippers, in the chops, Mikey! Timmy Woalen's a strikin' below the belt! 'Taint fair; pitch 'im out o' the ring!"

Which information was not very full, and not very consoling as far as it went. But Robert Carlingford did not despair. It was in the spring, consequently kite and marble time with all boys, as he remembered. He hung around School-house No. 4 with such a pocket full of "crystals" and "china plasters" as a boy would have given almost his head for. These the plotting villain held up before the glistening vision of Bobby O'Hare. He hooked his fish more successfully this time. Bobby O'Hare told all he knew, and more too. His teacher lived on Bay street, Bobby said, and all the rest on 'em called her Sweet Alice. The boys all minded her, he said, and liked her too, and didn't daret to tell her no lies, or to try no gammon on with her, because she had an eye which could see through gammon.

"She's a sort that knows things without finding 'em out, sur," said Bobby.

And at that moment a small, ill-favored boy about Bobby's size came stealthily by, casting covetous glances at Bobby's treasures of crystals and plasters. Bobby pounced upon this small, ill-favored boy like a chicken-hawk.

"I say! Are you a goin' to take that back what you called me?"

Bobby bristled up so very fiercely, and puffed his small body out so very threateningly, and his two eyes glowed so like an inflated and enraged cat's, that Robert Carlingford beat an instant retreat, seeing plainly that the small, sharp man was in no condition for fooling. He went home and dozed idly, and while he dozed, dreamed of an angel who always wore blue, and lived in a fairy bird-cage, up three flights of stairs. But the angel he dreamed of took the shape of a wife, and nestled her golden head against his breast, and called him Robert, in a voice the very sound of which was sweeter and more thrilling than the rarest music he ever heard. Would he ever hear the voice say "Robert" again?

He haunted Bay street and Jefferson street both, and sometimes caught a fleeting glimpse of his angel who always wore blue. He knew she remembered him, for she always blushed, and cast her eyes down a little, and hurried on a little faster, when she saw him. She was so modest, so pure and fair.

Robert Carlingford was eager and foolish as a boy in his first passion. The courtship was not a long one. Bobby O'Hare had told him that Sweet Alice was a famous teacher of "gymnastics." Robert Carlingford at once became intensely interested in our glorious common-school system. It appeared to him that, as a miraculous source of health and overflowing fountain of perpetual youth in general, there wasn't anything worth speaking of except that system of physical exercises which some comic genius has invented for the benefit of the glorious common-school system. He asked to see this performing circus of physical exercises.

"Miss Lorne is our best teacher of physical exercises," said the principal, Mr. Conway.

They went to room No. 6. Miss Lorne blushed like an angel again when the principal introduced Mr. Carlingford. Surely she did remember him! Then Sweet Alice set-a-going the fountain of perpetual youth. First the pupils bobbed their heads all together like the play of "Old Mother Hubbard's Dead." Then they flipped their arms hither and thither about their heads and shoulders, like the wings of a lunatic bat. After that they all stuck their right legs out at the same instant and wiggled them like an egg-beater. Next they dittoed with their left legs. Then they jerked all over all at once, like a spiritual circle. Finally they suddenly and mysteriously swelled themselves up all over in a ridiculous manner, till they seemed in imminent danger of bursting on the spot; but they puffed off two or three times like a steamboat, and as suddenly and mysteriously collapsed again, and at that the fountain of perpetual youth was instantaneously shut off, and the performing circus was over. Robert Carlingford was not impressed by the performing gymnasts as he should have been. He saw only Sweet Alice there, with her pure face flushed with the "gymnastics," her bright hair blown about her cheeks. Room No. 6 was full of performing gymnasts of the first class; but he saw only the play of one person's lithe, graceful muscles, underneath a loosely fitting blue dress. When the pupils of room No. 6 had been dismissed and been marched *a la* military file out into the street, Robert Carlingford still lingered. As the last military footstep echoed along the empty corridor, he laid his hand, his warm, firm white hand upon the hand of Alice Lorne, and gazed into her face with his tender, passionate eyes.

"I did not come to see your foolish gymnastics," he said. "I came to see you."

A little later, it could not have been more than a week or two at the most, he leaned over her chair in the little sitting-room up three pairs of stairs, and said to her, softly and reverentially:

"From my boyhood I have loved to fancy that somewhere in the world there was a woman who was born to be my wife. I have dreamed of her sometimes, always the same, golden-haired, gentle and good, different from any woman I ever knew in my life, with a face like a sweet, pure star, shining forever across a troubled sea. It has seemed to me that I should know my wife if I saw her and heard her speak. I have seen you and heard you call my name, and you are the wife of my dreams. I lay my heart at your feet, Alice Lorne."

That was all. She had learned to love him well already in her honest, innocent soul. He seemed to her, child-like and simple-hearted as she was, like a knight come down to her from some old legend; and there was no human creature, not one, to step in and say she should not love this man or that. Within her knowledge she had no living relative. There was a curious scar across her left wrist, thin, straight and livid, which she dimly understood, perhaps faintly remembered, as in a dream, perhaps had been told was caused long ago by a blow from some sharp instrument in the hands of a man, but whether the man was father, uncle, guardian, or what he was, she never knew.

In her childhood she had lived with an aged woman whom she called Grandmother Holzhauer. This old woman spoke German, and Sweet Alice had reason to believe she was her maternal grandmother. She was a very serious woman, devout, peaceful, quiet, and seemed to bear always in her bosom a weight of brooding, sorrowful memories. Sweet Alice believed there was a tragedy of some sort connected with her early childhood; but whatever it was, Grandmother Holzhauer locked the secret in her own breast. Yet Sweet Alice had always been happy with her. She had always been kind, loving even, to the child, and Sweet Alice would never know any peacefuller, happier hours than when she sat beside Grandmother Holzhauer of winter evenings and conned her school-girl lessons, while Grandmother Holzhauer knitted stockings and gazed silently into the fire. Grandmother Holzhauer died when Sweet Alice was seventeen, and then the school-committee had placed the girl, despite her youth, over room No. 6, School-house No. 4. That was nearly two years ago, and she had been there ever since.

"That is the whole story of my life, as far as I know," she said, raising her innocent, large eyes to the face of Robert Carlingford.

"And it pleases me best so," he had answered. "Because if you had no end of relations, they might persuade you not to marry me, you know."

Sweet Alice had some artistic talent, and she had painted, from memory, a little picture of Grandmother Holzhauer. There was a curious resemblance between the faces of the two—the old woman and the young one. Though wrinkled and dimmed with age, and no longer lovely to look upon, yet the face of the old woman was not less sweet and pure and good than Alice's own. And there was that in it, a strange, soft look, which made it seem as if, in thought at least, she had risen above all earthly sorrows, and entered already the portals of a brighter world. She had entered it in very truth now, Sweet Alice believed.

Grandmother Holzhauer had been a very devout, humbly religious woman. She had a little German prayer, Alice said, which used to sound sweeter to her childish ears than the grandest church music she ever heard, when the old woman, with bended head and folded hands, softly murmured it each time before eating. She fed always upon the humblest fare. Alice believed now that she had done it to save a fund for her education, but she did not think of it till afterward. Alice herself had a china bowl and silver spoon, and ate white bread and milk; Grandmother Holzhauer ate always black bread, and had an earthen bowl and pewter spoon. But she seemed as devoutly thankful for her coarse, humble food, as if it had been the richest viands wealth could bestow. The fondly affectionate girl had painted her as she loved best to remember her, a gentle, sweet-faced old woman with a plain blue dress, a white cap, and snow-white hair smoothly put back under her cap from off a full, faintly-wrinkled brow. She sat beside a little table, whereon, with marvellous perfectness, the girl had painted, just as she remembered them, the small loaf of black bread, a bowl of soup, a simple pewter spoon and a brown earthen mug of milk. Her wrinkled hands were folded softly, and the mild, saintly face was bent in prayer, just as Alice had seen her so many, many times. Underneath the picture Sweet Alice had written, in German:

"*Unser täglich Brot gib uns heute.*"

"That picture is my saint's image," said Sweet Alice. "I look at it every day, and I pray God to keep me always honest and true and humble as dear Grandmother Holzhauer."

Robert Carlingford thought of his own haughty, stately mother, and sighed softly.

So these two were betrothed. It was not long till the wedding. His heart had gone from him that first time she ever spoke his name, and he longed to have her always near him, where he could hear forever the voice which held him still with such a strange, sweet spell. The touch of her hand thrilled him softly to the innermost depths of his being, a little glance from her innocent, loving blue eyes made him happy for hours. Robert Carlingford was very much in love.

His mother lived in Wakeham. Shortly before the wedding he went thither to acquaint her with his intended marriage. As far as was proper for a lady who wore gray curls and family diamonds, and had the dignity of an ancient family to support besides—as far as was proper for such a dame to raise a tornado, Madame Carlingford raised a tornado. A tempest in a teapot was not worth mentioning beside the tempest across a teapot which whistled and thundered about Robert Carlingford's unlucky ears. My! how a woman can scold when she sets her head to it.

"It's a mystery to me," said madame. "I've thought it over a hundred times, I'm sure, and I can't tell how I was ever idiot enough to have such a son as you are. Since the Lord made me, I never saw a son who was such a complete failure, I think. You have been one continued disappointment to me from the time when I caught you making mud pies with Zip the black waiter boy, twenty years ago. You've done nothing but make mud pies ever since, and now you've got the worst, muddiest mess you ever made in your life, and you actually bring it here and ask me to swallow it. I'll never do it as long as I've the power to hold my mouth shut. You can take your mud pie somewhere else and eat it; I don't think it'll digest well, served up from my china and silver. Heavens! if I only had a son who would be some credit to me."

Robert Carlingford wandered off by himself down a solitary street of Wakeham. He felt worried and disconsolate. He had really looked for no kinder reception from his mother, but as long as any impending evil has not yet happened for certain, we foolish mortals are deluded enough to believe that there will maybe be some loophole of escape left for us. Many a man has gone to destruction through blind faith in a loophole of escape which didn't exist.

So Robert Carlingford wandered solitary down a lonely street of Wakeham. He was sad, disappointed, and in a sorry state of dumps, brooding forlornly over his lady mother's lecture. Suddenly a well-known, graceful figure flitted past him, a figure of a woman clad in a blue dress, and having golden curls. Was is it his Alice? It must be. The thought caused him to rush headlong after her. He looked into the lady's face, as he came up with her, and recognized his lovely betrothed. He spoke to her, laid his hand on her arm, and called her Alice. She seemed confused, painfully embarrassed in truth, looked to the right and left, and presently articulated, in a stammering, hesitating manner—

"Mr. Carlingford!"

She behaved strangely, so unlike his innocent Sweet Alice, that Robert Carlingford felt curiously chilled and repulsed. To his question of when she had left Brinton, she answered yesterday; to his question of when she would return, she replied that it was uncertain, as she had come on some sudden and unexpected business, which could not be transacted immediately. There was a painful hesitation and embarrassment about everything she said, and Carlingford forebore to question her further. He remembered afterward, too, that she seemed anxious to be rid of him, and to avoid his questions. She murmured something in a low voice about pressing engagements, happy to see him again in Brinton, must leave him at once, and, good-bye now, and turned a sudden corner and left him.

Utterly bewildered and confounded, he stood watching her out of sight. What could it mean? Was she not his own Alice, fair, sweet, honest, and innocent-hearted as a child? But he must know. Perhaps she was in some trouble, and wished to keep it from him. He would rather die than that harm should touch one hair of her golden head. He quickened his pace, and watched her again till he saw her enter a small, faded house which stood a little back from the street. Then he went on. But he could not rest. A burning impatience possessed him, to know why his Alice was in the small, faded house in a back street of Wakeham, when he believed her to be in school-house No. 4 at Brinton. Finally he could endure it no longer, but toward evening he marched boldly up to the small, faded house, and knocked. An old woman came to the door. He asked if Miss Lorne was there. Miss Lorne was not there, the old woman said. Had she been there that day? No; no lady of that name had been there that day, or at any time. Robert Carlingford rubbed his forehead violently, to make sure he was not dreaming. What, oh! what did it mean? A strange, cold feeling of uneasiness, of coming trouble, crept, serpent-like, along his nerves. He felt as he passed into the street, as if one had struck him a blow and stunned him. But he still believed, nevertheless, that his Alice would tell him what it all meant, in her own time. She would not deceive a dumb brute, much less him, her betrothed, whom she loved dearly. He went no more to the small, faded house in the back street. Two days after he returned to Brinton. It wanted but three weeks till his wedding-day. He went, full of impatience, to the little sitting-room up three pairs of stairs. He knocked at the well-known door, opened it, and entered. The room was empty. A desolate feeling rushed over him, and he turned to go out. But at that moment a pair of white hands were clasped over his eyes, a merry musical laugh greeted him, and Sweet Alice herself came out from the corner where she had hidden when she had heard his step on the stairs. He clasped her with a quick heart-beat.

"I thought I had lost you, darling," he said.

Beautiful, innocent, sprightly, just the same. Had she nothing to tell him? No; nothing, only that she had been sick with a little cold, while he was gone, and had to stay out of school two days. Her wedding-dress was nearly done, too, and if Robert wanted to keep his head out of a goose-yoke, he'd better run away now before it was too late. Robert Carlingford looked at her searchingly. Her face was a little pale.

"So you have been out of school, have you?" he said.

"Yes, Robert, for two days, as I told you," she answered, looking up at him with her honest, innocent eyes, fearless and open as a bird's or a child's. He felt a strange uneasiness as he met her look.

"I didn't know you had friends in Wakeham, Alice," he said.

"No more have I. I don't know a soul in Wakeham."

"Wha-at?" gasped Robert Carlingford. "I don't know a soul in Wakeham—and I never was there in my life," looking straight at him still fearless and open as a bird, or a child. "What put that into your dear old noddle?" And she laughed lightly as she said it.

"I beg your pardon," said he, dryly. "But I saw you in Wakeham, on Becker street, last Thursday."

"No, Robert; surely not," Sweet Alice answered, gravely. "It wasn't possible for me to be in Wakeham when I was here in Brinton in bed with an influenza, was it? It's a principle in physics that the same body can't occupy two different places at one and the same time. And I being here at Brinton all last week, I leave it to your understanding whether I could be in Wakeham. Could I now?"

"But I would stake my head on it," said Carlingford, vehemently.

"Then you'd lose it," said Sweet Alice. "I give you my solemn word that I never was in Wakeham in my life."

"Then it must have been your double," muttered Carlingford. He believed she was deceiving him for mere playfulness at first, and then he thought that possibly he might have been mistaken, and so it dropped, and almost passed from his mind. Their wedding-day drew on space. The simple wardrobe of the little schoolmistress did not require a year for its preparation. Every day when he visited her, the dear girl would show him, with a half tear in her eye, a pair of gloves, a knot of ribbon, a bit of rare lace, or maybe a handkerchief, this and that little gift from the other schoolmistresses, who, out of their scanty wages, had bestowed what they could as bridal tokens on Sweet Alice. They all loved her so. Robert looked at the little gifts, and the simple dresses, and smiled to think of the rare and costly setting in which his jewel should shine when once she became his own. The day before their marriage he placed upon her little white finger a diamond and turquoise ring, worth four times as much as all her wardrobe together. And she had kissed the hand of Robert Carlingford, and then turned immediately around and tenderly kissed the lifeless picture of Grandmother Holzhauer.

"Dear, dear Grandmother Holzhauer! If she were only alive this day to see my happiness!"

She packed the beloved picture carefully away among her few possessions.

"It shall go wherever I go, Robert," she said. "And it shall hang in the best place in my picture gallery when I have one. Just so I would have taken Grandmother Holzhauer with me to share my prosperity and happiness."

So, amid the tears, blushes, and smiles which chased each other like shadows across her lovely face, with her child-heart and gentle, merry ways, Sweet Alice plighted her girlish faith as wife to Robert Carlingford. They left Brinton at once. They were to make the summer trip around the great lakes first, and then, returning, were to make the tour of Europe. Robert planned it so, to please Sweet Alice. They went by rail to Chicago. At the depot in Brinton, just as they were stepping into the car, they were accosted by a plain, respectable-looking elderly woman in deep mourning. Sweet Alice recognized her as a woman who had lately been employed, in a humble capacity, about School-house No. 4. She was a widow, and very poor. Her name was Mrs. Grubbs. She was going to Chicago, she said, to visit her daughter, was unaccustomed to travelling, and at this moment was in mortal fear lest her "chist" had gone off on the wrong train. She was very meek and humble, in her ways, and very much afraid of troubling the gentlemen, would not have done so under any consideration, only that the most valuable property she had in the world was in that precious "chist." She counted upon her fingers—

"There's my stella silk, which I've been savin' for my burial suit, ever since my poor husband was taken away, ten years ago. There's the degarrytype of my John, him that drives dray in St. Lonis, with a striped shirt on and a cigar in his mouth. And there's my blessed 'baccy pipe, that I promised my Sally I wouldn't smoke on the cars, and now I've lost 'em all forever, Miss Alice, if I didn't know you hadn't the kindest heart in the world, I wouldn't venter to trouble you, but I'm a lone woman that don't know a soul here, and all this noise and whizz bewithers me. A black chist with brass nails, it was, miss, and a padlock. Lord! Lord! what'll become o' me if I've lost that chist."

Half laughing, in spite of himself, Robert Carlingford readily went in search of the missing property, and was enabled to relieve the poor soul's distress by assuring her that he had undoubtedly seen a black chest with brass nails and a padlock safely deposited in a baggage-car for Chicago. The widow seemed in a manner to throw herself on her Miss Alice's protection. She managed to obtain a seat near the new-made husband and wife, and presently poured out her whole simple history into the sympathetic ears of Sweet Alice.

"Chicago won't suit me," she said. "On account o' the sarchin' wind. They tell me it blows so there that it'll take a cat off the roff of a house and blow her across the street, on to the roff of another house. That's bad for rheumatiz. I've got it in

my bones. And I've had dropsy, and once I had a paralytic stroke three months, and you'd thought I'd been a skulliken, of I hadn't a had breath in me. But I rix. The good Lord kep my head above the waves. He left the breath in me, but he didn't leave no meat on me. I've waded through deep waters."

"I wish she'd stop her twaddle, and let me have my wife to myself," thought Robert Carlingford.

But Sweet Alice seemed interested in the woman, and only having been married a few hours, he was obliged to seem interested too. It makes a difference in a man's behavior, you observe, whether he has been married several years, or only a few hours. Quite a difference, indeed!

As they neared Chicago, Alice became weary. At a little way-station, that humbugging announcement, "twenty minutes for refreshments," was screamed from one end of the train to the other. Alice was neither hungry nor thirsty, but Robert, with that solicitude so eminently proper and becoming in all new husbands and old ones, insisted that she was, and went out to the shabby little dining-room, to bring her something to eat. Good Mrs. Grubbs would go with him. She wanted a cup of tea for herself, she said, and presently the two came back, Robert with a plate of those indescribable India-rubber railway sandwiches, and good Mrs. Grubbs with a smoking cup of tea.

"You must drink it, Miss Alice," she said. "There ain't anything like a cup of tea for toning up of a body's nerves."

Reader, patience. I have told you this trifling nonsense for a reason which you will understand by and by. I didn't put it in "just to fill up." I detest the practice of putting things into a story to fill up.

Sweet Alice began to be drowsy, by and by, and presently she nestled her bright head against the new, proud husband's gray coat sleeve, and when they steamed into the depot at Chicago, Sweet Alice was fast asleep, and Robert Carlingford, looking first very conceitedly around the car, then very tenderly at the golden curls shining across his arm, felt positively certain that all the male bipeds in that car, collectively and individually, were watching him, and wishing themselves in his place—and perhaps they were. He had some difficulty in arousing Alice, when they reached their journey's end. They went to the dimly-lighted sitting-room in the depot, to wait a moment until Robert should find a carriage, and attend to their luggage. Robert left his Alice in care of good Mrs. Grubbs, for the few minutes he should be absent about the trunks. As he was leaving them, he suddenly became aware that he had been robbed. His purse was surely gone! Leaving his wife with Mrs. Grubbs, he rushed back to where he had been sitting in the car, thinking he had dropped it there. The unaccountable drowsiness seemed to be coming over Alice again, and Mrs. Grubbs kept close beside her. Scarcely had Robert left them, when good Mrs. Grubbs accidentally trod upon something on the floor. Stooping to pick it up, she saw at once that it was the missing purse of Robert Carlingford.

"Wait here, Miss Alice," she said. "I have found your husband's purse on the floor. I will go and find him and tell him."

Alice nodded sleepily, and good Mrs. Grubbs went out. It was nearly ten minutes before Robert came back. When he did so, his wife was sitting where he had left her, alone. She told him Mrs. Grubbs had just gone away with her daughter, who had been looking for her mother, and seemed in great haste. The new-married pair entered a carriage, which conveyed them to a hotel. At the hotel, when Sweet Alice had removed her little brown hat and gloves, Carlingford noticed that the beautiful diamond and turquoise ring, the one he had given her the day before, was not on her finger.

"What have you done with your ring, dear?" he asked.

She seemed momentarily confused, but smiled carelessly, almost immediately, and replied:

"I put it away a moment ago, Robert. I'm not used to wearing such grand things, you know, and I've taken it off to rest for awhile."

But next morning, after breakfast, he observed the ring again on the beautiful hand of his lovely bride, lovelier than ever, it almost seemed. One little circumstance surprised him, however. There was nothing wrong about it, he told himself over and over again, but it did not seem to him exactly like what he had thought of Sweet Alice, that was all. That next morning after their marriage, as Robert Carlingford sat idly gazing out the window, at the hive of human bees below, Alice drew a low stool up near him, and sat down close beside him, with her head upon his knee, and the golden curls trailing across her azure blue morning-robe, like sunbeams across a June sky. Robert drew the yellow threads softly through his fingers, and thought he had never seen hair so beautiful.

"Robert," she began, softly caressing his hand, "dear Robert, now that we are really married, and ought to tell each other everything, you know I—I have a confession to make to you, and a favor to ask."

She hesitated at that, and Robert still stroking the golden curls, to encourage her, gave the hand he held a little tender squeeze, and said:

"What is it, darling? I'm sure I'd do anything in the world for you."

Ah, yes! These new husbands always will, you know. But—they get over it.

"And you won't be angry with me when I tell you, dear?"

"Angry! Why, darling, what do you mean? I don't think anything—anything upon earth, dearest, could make me angry with you."

She pressed her bright cheek more closely against his hand.

"Then Robert, dear," she almost whispered, "the truth is, I'm in debt."

"Is that all?" he said. "I'm sure that's nothing. You needn't have been afraid to tell me that, Alice. What's a husband for, if it isn't to pay his wife's debts?"

"But it's such a very—very big debt," faltered Sweet Alice.

"Nonsense, child," said Carlingford, cheerfully. "Whatever it is, it shall be paid, and then for the future," he added, a little more gravely, "for the future you'll always tell me, dear, so you'll never need to have any debts."

She pressed her sweet lips to the hand against her cheek.

"But Robert, dear, it's five hundred dollars," she murmured. "Our salary in the school was so very little, you know."

"Yes, I know," said he, writing a check. "But that's all over now, and you are my wife, to have everything in the world that I can get for you, and to have never a shadow of trouble again as long as you live, if the best love and care man can bestow can shield you from it."

They made their summer tour of the lakes, and then they went to Europe. The grace and beauty of Carlingford's wife was on every tongue. With her changed station in life, she developed strange, new phases of character every day, Carlingford thought. Under the forcing influences of fashion and gay life the sweet, shy wild flower developed rapidly into a gorgeous hot-house plant. Sweet Alice became a dazzling, fascinating social queen, reckless, beautiful, brilliant and dashing as the best of them. She was admired immensely; Robert Carlingford was congratulated and envied on all hands, but somehow he was not quite so happy as he had expected to be. He had hoped to have a fragrant sweet violet to bloom in the beautiful shade of home. His flower as he came to know it after he had transplanted it, was no violet at all, but a gorgeous blossom which shut its painted petals up tight in the shade of home, and unfolded them only under the glaring sun of society. He had hoped at first, and fondly dreamed that when his lady mother saw golden-haired Alice, and came to know how good and sweet and bright she was, *madame mere* could not help taking his angel to her heart. But after he had been married a year the prospect seemed farther off than ever. Sweet Alice did not seem quite the angel she had used to seem any more, as his loyal heart was obliged to confess to itself with a sharp dagger-thrust of pain. There were times, alas! when his angel in blue seemed to be neither good, sweet, nor bright. She was fearfully extravagant of her husband's gold, was the dazzling Mrs. Carlingford. Her beauty, her jewels and rich robes were the wonder of Wakeham. *Madame mere's* cold shoulder grew colder and colder.

"What a beautiful woman your daughter-in-law is!" said a friend to her one day.

Madame mere elevated her noble nose. "Beautiful! Yes, with a sort of beauty, like an actress or circus equestrienne. Grand bare-back performer she'd make! Do you know I fancy she's been something of that sort in her time?"

"How can mortal woman change as my wife has done?" said Robert Carlingford to himself mournfully.

The voice which had held him once with such a strange, sweet spell, had no power over him any more, never called him Robert in the old magic tones. The touch of her hand had no more the power to thrill him as it used.

Robert Carlingford was a disappointed man.

A son was born to them in the third year of their marriage. Robert Carlingford had clung desperately to the one last hope that the twining baby fingers might lead his beautiful, reckless wife back into the old sweet ways of gentleness and peace. But Alice did not care for the child. She did not see him at all for days and days together sometimes. She left him to his nurses, and went her own brilliant, reckless way. Robert Carlingford was lonely and sorrowful, so lonely and sorrowful that his mother's hard heart almost relented to him. He took to noticing the ragged street-children again, and talking to them for hours sometimes, just as he had used to do before he had ever met Alice Lorne. His wife was an inexplicable puzzle to him. She surprised him as much as she saddened him. At times she betrayed a most startling ignorance of the very commonest matters of book-learning. She seemed to have forgotten the very existence of the poems she used to read with Robert in the blessed, brief days of happiness before their marriage.

"What have you done with your picture?" said Carlingford to her one day.

She stared at him. "What picture?" she said.

Robert ran his fingers nervously through his hair. "Is it possible," he said, "that you have forgotten the picture of Grandmother Holzhaner?"

She laughed in a slightly embarrassed way. "Oh! that wrinkled old dauh," she answered. "Don't you know, Robert, that as soon as I was married to you, I wished to put out of sight forever all that reminded me of my shabby old life in that disgraceful school-house. That sort of life never was to my taste, in fact. So, as soon as we came home here, I packed all my old traps up together and chucked 'em into an old trunk up in the garret. Faith! I don't know but some of your old love-letters may have been in the lot, I didn't notice. And a precious pack of old rubbish it was, schoolmistress jackets and things, and dog-eared little old books of poetry. Upon my life! Robert, there were actually some patched-up dresses among 'em! Well, six months ago, I became tired of having the frightful old things even up garret, and one day I hustled the whole bundle of worthless traps into the stove and burnt 'em up. And I think—yes, I'm sure, there was in the lot a picture of some ridiculous old washerwoman in a horrid old-fashioned cap."

Robert Carlingford sprang to his feet. "Good God, Alice! Is it possible you have burnt up the picture of Grandmother Holzhaner?"

"Yes; I have. That is, it's altogether likely that I have. What further use did I have for the old fright, pray?"

He groaned. "Alice," said he at length, "if you didn't have that little scar across your wrist, I would swear before Heaven that you were not the same woman I married."

She threw off her bracelet, snatched back her sleeve, and held the livid scar up before his eyes and laughed. The laugh grated on his fine ear like the sneer of a demon.

"But you see it's there, don't you, unmistakable?" she asked, with some excitement in her tones.

"Yes, yes; I see it; God knows it's plain enough."

"So you can't disown the wife you married, and promised to love with all your might till death took you out of the world. It's possible that some husbands keep their promise better than you have yours. I might have known that I was never the wife for a slow poke."

He took his hat silently and walked out to the street. He wandered away out into the fields by himself, a lonely, sorrowful man. More time still went on with him, still lonely and sorrowful. At last it came to be that his home was no home to him any longer. His house was a continued scene of wild mirth and reckless revels, as little to his taste as the lunatic hallowings in a mad-house would have been. One day he went to Chicago. Business took him to that brisk and flourishing town. He had not been there since the time of his marriage, five years ago. Five years ago, when he had hoped and expected to be so happy, blest beyond the common lot of men. Five years ago, and it seemed a hundred, so old had he grown, so haggard and sorrowful. Were all men disappointed in women as he had been? He thought it quite likely, pondering it over to himself. Did all women who before marriage seemed the soul of truth, sweetness, and brightness, after marriage prove to be false, cruel and shallow? He could not tell, but he grimly thought that it might be quite likely, too.

He wandered out alone on the lake shore, one day. Lonely rambles had come to be a part of his weary life. It was a sunny morning in the early June time—one of the rarest of mornings of blue and gold and shining water—when "Heaven tries if the earth be in tune." Just so bright the world had seemed to Robert Carlingford on his marriage morning. He sighed sorrowfully as he remembered it, and trudged on till he came toward the city outskirts. At a little point where the wind murmured softly among some trees, he stopped and drew lines in the wet sand with his stick, and anon gazed out over the green water, still thinking wistfully of the dead hopes of his wedding morning. Suddenly a voice which seemed to ring down out of the blue heaven, called him:

"Robert! Robert!"

It was a voice with a sound in it of desperate entreaty and undying love. It thrilled him like the voice of an angel. Once before Robert Carlingford had heard the same voice calling his name in that way. It was on the fateful morning when he had first seen the face of Alice Lorne, his wife. But she had never called him with that voice since she had been married to him. He sprang to his feet as if a spirit voice had called him. His first confused, dazed thought, indeed, was that his wife had died suddenly during his absence, and was calling him from the world of spirits. Realizing in an instant the folly of his thought, he turned about, and looked eagerly around to find whence the sound might come. An ordinary wooden house stood in the shadow of the trees. A very high, solid tower, which seemed out of place attached to such a house, jutted out toward the lake from one corner of the building.

All his dead hopes and blighted love, all the dreams of his lost youth, rolled back over his soul in an overwhelming wave at the tones of that angel voice. All the youth in him sprang up alert, electrified. He knocked at the door of the old-fashioned house. A stout German girl answered his summons. She could scarcely understand a word he said, or make him understand anything. A Mrs. Schmidt, a German lady, lived there, the girl said.

Could he see Mrs. Schmidt?

Mrs. Schmidt was not at home.

Then the girl closed the door.

"What an idiot I am," said Carlingford. "I am losing my head, to let my imagination play me such a trick."

But the tones of the sweet spirit voice rang in his soul still. He could not help a strange feeling that somehow his wife had called him, in the old love-tones she had used before their marriage. He went back to Wakeham, a spell of the old love and tenderness strong upon him. It was the very anniversary of their happy, happy wedding morning five years ago. Might that not begin over again. Maybe it was not too late yet for him and Alice to be happy according to his old dreams.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ The "Mohair" Indians are spoken of by a down east paper.

☞ A gentleman being asked if his neighbor's dog was a hunter, said it was half hunter and half setter, that he hunted until he found a bone, and then set down to eat it.

☞ A lady asked Mr. Scrudgells if he liked children. "Don't know, ma'am," answered that crabbed old gentleman; "never tried 'em; am not an ogre."

☞ A Chester county man has patented an improved carriage jack. Now let him try his hand at improving Captain Jack. There is more room for improvement in Captain Jack than there is in a carriage jack—much more.

☞ These are in the refreshing Western style of personals: "Mr. Waggoner found fault with the beef at a Memphis hotel the other morning, and the coroner made $1 on him." "Peter Ink, an old citizen of Knox county, Ohio, was blotted out the other day, aged 75."

☞ "I'm not in mourning," said a young French lady, frankly, to a querist; "but, as the widows are getting all the offers now-a-days, we poor girls have to resort to artifice."

☞ Mad. Nilsson-Rouzand received, at her benefit in Russia, a number of valuable presents, consisting of diamond earrings, necklace with emeralds, bouquets, and an address with one thousand signatures, in a gold frame, with diamond tears attached to it.

☞ "Has Mr. Smith been here inquiring for me to-day?" asks Brown of the hall porter at the club. "Can't say, sir," replies the porter—an Irishman, of course; "I know Mr. Smith by sight, but not by name."

☞ A Western preacher discoursed from the text, "How old art thou?" and the next day about one-third of the women of the congregation called round to tell him it was none of his business.

☞ At a recent medical examination a question was put to the students as to the meaning of the word "hypothesis." One candidate replied that it was "a machine for raising water." Another gave the answer that it was something that happened to a man after death.

☞ If you are courting a girl, stick to it; no matter how large her father's feet are.

☞ "Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?" "We want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

☞ A young New Yorker has received no less than twenty-seven card photographs of his future wife from different fortune-tellers, and no two are alike. As he does not intend to embark in the Mormon business, his faith in fortune telling is slightly shaken. He says twenty seven are two much. We should say they were about twenty-six too much.

☞ Respecting the propriety of setting aside a reservation for the Modocs, a California poet is thus emphatic:

"They should have a reservation
Which they would be sure to keep,
Till the tramp that wakes creation
Calls them from their lengthened sleep.

☞ A schoolboy remarks that when his teacher undertakes to "show him what is what," he only finds out which is switch.

☞ The "Norristown Herald" has found out why persons can't sleep. It is because "there is no accumulation in the organism of the products of oxidation, mainly of carbolic acid, that accumulation being favored and controlled by reflex action of the nervous system, which thus protects the organism from excessive oxidation, and allows the organism to manifest its normal functional activity throughout a succeeding rythmic period." We shouldn't have thought a little thing like that would keep one awake. Persons who can't sleep, however, should put some of those things in their organism before retiring.

☞ Every family should have a screw-driver. The borrowed screwdriver hasn't got any handle to it; and if it has it is split. The blade is too blunt for the screw, and one corner is gone. It slips and sticks into your thumb, and breaks the screw in two, and throws you off your feet, and then it gets lost, and the owner comes around for it, and swears it was nearly new, and valued mostly on account of its associations, and he wouldn't have had it lost for ten times its value in solid gold. You had better buy a new screwdriver at once.

☞ A fine coat is but a livery when he who wears it discovers no higher talents than a footman.

☞ A Detroit paper says:—One of the sanitary police, in going through an alley yesterday, came along to a barn, and, as he halted, he heard a voice say, "Take off that coat, young man." There was a pause, and about the time the coat was off the father continued, "You've needed a tanning this long while, and I'm ready to give it to you; you've been (whack) going out (whack) nights, and (whack and a howl) you've sassed your (whack) mother, and you've sassed (whack) me, and you've been trying (whack, jump and howl) to run the house; but (whack and a yell) you can't do it." There was more whacking and howling, but the officer didn't stop, being convinced that Detroit had at least one old pioneer left.

☞ "Jenny," said a Scotch minister, stooping from his pulpit, "have you a peen about ye?" "Yes, minister." "Then stick it into that sleeping brute o' a man o' yours by your side."

☞ The office of dog-killer pays better than any other office in St. Louis. Last year the city dog-killer snuffed out the light of 8,000 canines, and pocketed therefor the snug little competence of $24,000.

☞ Mme. Patti-Caux has appeared in Vienna for the first time in Traviata. The lowest price for the highest seats was $5, whereas the highest price for the parquette seats went up beyond $30 apiece.

☞ Speaking of the rumor that a New York editor is in love with a Danish princess, a provincial cotemporary having quoted the story, remarks that it is very unfortunate for the princess.

☞ The San Francisco Alta is responsible for the story that a Nevada lawyer had as a client a man accused of murder, and that the principal witness in his favor being his wife, who was incapacitated from giving testimony by reason of her relation to him, he got the trial postponed, brought suit for divorce in her behalf and secured it, and then triumphantly placed her on the stand to secure the acquittal of her husband.

☞ The wife of the British premier, according to a London correspondent, is an estimable church woman, but sadly lacks the social tact necessary to a person in her position. Distrait at all times, she is the cause of greater offences against etiquette than any one in London. Mrs. Grundy is fond of telling how on one occasion, in order to refresh her husband's memory, Mrs. Gladstone wrote on a card which she placed in the frame of a conspicuous mirror; "Don't forget to invite those horrid Smiths," and how the "horrid Smiths," as well as Mr. Gladstone, had the exquisite delight of reading the endearing epithet of the frank hostess.

☞ Bring back into the right way him who has gone astray. Correct the errors of mankind, where you can, and inspire them with a love of virtue. Restore the stray sheep to the fold.

☞ Good Humor.—If a man is humorous, sprightly of imagination, and witty, how he can make a whole household cheerful and happy! How much power one that is lively and gay and witty has to redeem men from the sordidness of life, and lift them up to a higher range of thought and feeling! And how wicked is he who, having this power, perverts it, by annoying men and making them feel insecure and uncomfortable in his presence!

☞ Faith and Works.—Men will never know us by our faith, for that is within us; they know us by our works, which are visible to them.

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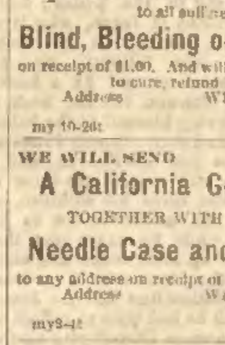

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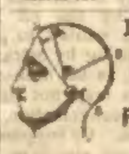

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OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

—Some men have very peculiar tastes. In one of the daily papers recently we found the following advertisement: "Wanted, a boy to sand-paper." Now, why did that man yearn for a chance to sand-paper a boy? If he must sand-paper something, why couldn't he be satisfied to rub a post, or his aunt, or even the top of his own head? There is something morbid in this insatiable longing for a boy to polish off, and it seems to us some check ought to be put on the man. Suppose he could not get enough boys to satisfy him, and should go around at nights breaking into orphan asylums and seminaries, sand-papering innocent children while they are asleep, so that they will wake up in the morning with half their cuticle rubbed off? It is too horrible to be considered calmly. Let us have this insidious sand-paperer drowned or poisoned.

—It was Moyer's turn for invention that caused the disaster. Moyer designed a new kind of a "patent, inflated gossamer bustle" for ladies. It was a thin bag of india rubber, which was to be inflated with gas to give it the proper distension and sufficient lightness. When the model was completed, Mrs. Moyer determined to try it. She went into the yard, and tied the machine under her dress, while Moyer turned on the kitchen gas to fill the bag. It worked well enough for a few moments, when all at once Mrs. Moyer began to ascend with frightful rapidity. She had barely time to scream down to Moyer to put the children to bed early, and to tell Mary Jane to set bread, and the next instant she was two miles above the snow-line. It was embarassing for Mrs. Moyer—very embarassing, especially as she could not reach around to the bustle to turn off the gas in order to come down. So she floated about up there among thunder-storms and clouds and crows and aurora borealises for several hours, enjoying the scenery and studying the air currents and wishing she had brought her muff and a book to read. Then she commenced to descend gradually, until she came within a couple of hundred feet of the earth. She then screamed some as she floated along, and several enthusiastic students of natural history tried to bring her down with shot guns, under the impression she was some new variety of ostrich or flamingo. But a sudden gust of wind struck Mrs. Moyer and blew her against the Presbyterian church steeple with such force that the "inflated gossamer bustle" exploded violently, impressing the sexton with the conviction that the sacred edifice had been struck by lightning. But when he came out and saw Mrs. Moyer caught by her panier on the weathercock, with her parasol pointing east or west, as the wind happened to shift, he comprehended the situation. It cost six hundred dollars to build a scaffolding to get Mrs. Moyer down, and even then Moyer did not introduce his bustle into the market. He will sell out his patent rights cheap. Mrs. Moyer wants him to.

—A recent work on physiology contains the following information: "It is estimated that the bones of every adult person require to be fed with lime enough to make a marble mantel every eight months." This naturally provokes reflection. It is evident then, that each of us eats, in ten years, about seven mantelpieces, or say three mantelpieces and a couple of sets of front-door steps and window-sills. This is sufficiently suggestive, but it becomes more so when we reflect that a man eighty years old must have consumed a couple of Washington monuments, and three or four stone quarries. At this rate it is no wonder marble is scarce and door-steps costly. Something must be done about it. Either we must kill the entire population once every eight months in order to get those mantelpieces out of them, or we must stop putting up monuments. As for gravestones, a man who has devoured enough stuff to fill a cemetery with slabs, ought not to have one unless he can be puddled in a furnace and enough marble can be worked out of him. After this, a person who can't melt a tombstone out of his leg bones, and have enough material over to keep his children in marbles for ten years, should be forbidden to die. Unless this kind of extravagance is checked, America will be a howling wilderness in a couple of thousand years or so.

—A young gentleman, who finds it difficult to begin a conversation when he is introduced to a young lady at a party, writes to know if we can give him any suggestions which will assist him at such times. We think we can. Why not, for instance throw out some kind of observation about the weather? Most women are interested in the weather, and we have known men who have succeeded in completely fascinating them by speculating whether it will rain day after to-morrow, or whether last Tuesday was hotter than Saturday. If you want to be original and brilliant, converse exclusively on this basis, and emphasize your good points by carrying your umbrella under your arm and scratching your nose every now and then with the ferule, or by putting it up when you promenade. Or you might begin by asking her suddenly if she ever tried to hold a kangaroo by the off hind leg when the kangaroo wanted to go home. Illustrate your meaning by catching hold, say of Jones's leg, as he dashes by you in a gallop. Jones may not like it, but you will open your conversation, and you needn't mind Jones. Or suppose you ask her if her father ever stands on his head when he says his prayers; or if her mother has settled her last month's milk bill; or if she takes out her teeth when she sings, or if she thinks it better to butter her toast with her left hand; or if she prefers a cold in the head to corns. Or how would it do to burst out with a hard conundrum and then sit still until she guesses it; or to ask her what kind of soap she prefers; or to get a carving knife and offer to show her how scalping is done by the Kickapoo Indians; or to ask her if she ever saw you "skin the cat" on the chandelier; or to inquire when she was born; or to express an anxiety to know if she prefers short-tailed dogs to dogs with long tails; or to offer to show her how you think her hair ought to be fixed; or to sound her on Scandinavian mythology and logarithms; or to offer to bet she can't sing bass or lift the refrigerator with one hand, or balance the piano-stool on her nose? We merely throw these out as hints. There is no charge for them.

—Our old friend Clyhammer had a habit of walking in his sleep, and when he visited his father-in-law's house one night last January, he determined to fasten a cord to his leg, and to tie the other end (of the cord; not the other end of his leg) to something, so that the jerk would wake him if he attempted a somnambulistic prowl. Clyhammer saw a pole projecting above the window-sill, on the outside, and it occurred to him that it would be a good thing to tie the cord to that. So he did, and then turned in and went to sleep. The pole was really one end of a ladder. Clyhammer did not walk any that night, but about six o'clock in the morning, while he was still asleep, the workmen came after the ladder. As they tried to take it down, they observed that it stuck, but, thinking it was frozen, they gave it a terrific pull, and the next minute an able-bodied American citizen, named Clyhammer, dressed in an unbleached-muslin night-shirt and embracing a bolster, might have been seen emerging suddenly from a second-story window, feet foremost. At first, Clyhammer thought there had been an earthquake; but when the workmen, not seeing him, began to move down the street, with the ladder on their shoulders and Clyhammer dangling on the end, with one leg held by a string, and his garments trailing in the delicious morning breeze, he grasped the situation and commenced to reason with the workmen and to present the matter to them in different lights, and to swear and insist on being released. When they got him home he had eleven kinds of rheumatism and all the known varieties of neuralgia. He rivets himself now to the bedstead at nights.

—We shall never forget that evening we spent at Magruder's, years ago. We admired Miss Magruder, and we went around to see her. It was summer time and moonlight, and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenter had been there that day gluing up the rustic chairs on the porch, so we took a seat on the step in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink in her smiles. It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue-pot on the spot where we sat, for after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours and drinking several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going home, but found that we were immovably fixed to the step. Then Miss Magruder said, "Don't be in a hurry," and we told her we believed we wouldn't. The conversation had a sadder tone after that, and we sat there thinking whether it would be better to ask Miss Magruder to withdraw while we disrobed and went home in Highland costume, or whether we should urge her to warm up the poker so that we could thaw ourselves out; or whether we should give one terrific wrench and then ramble down the yard backward. About midnight Miss Magruder yawned and said she believed she would go to bed. Then we suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objection to lending us his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for she rushed in, called her father and screamed. Magruder came down with a double-barrelled gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of the step to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock crushed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again, and she threw herself away on a dry-goods man. There is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and of reflecting upon the influence of glue upon the emotions of the human heart.

—There are two or three Hindoo gentlemen in this country at present, travelling around—they were out to see Brigham Young the other day—and report has it that they intend to organize a missionary movement for the purpose of converting this nation to Buddhism. If this is correct we sincerely hope their efforts will be unsuccessful. We don't wish to say anything against another man's religion, but really Buddhism would not do in this country. It would be very inconvenient, for instance, if a man, while walking down Chestnut street, should suddenly have a conviction that his salvation depended upon his standing still upon one leg for forty-seven years, just where he was. It would attract attention and interrupt travel. And suppose a convert should regard it as his duty to buy an alligator, and keep it in a puddle in his yard, and steal babies from the orphan asylums, and feed them to the alligator? We should want to call in the police; nor would we be satisfied if Jones, who lives next door to us, should, in his enthusiasm for the new religion, tie a rope to his apple-tree and fix a hook to it, and every afternoon run the hook into his back and swing himself in the balmy air of spring. And then suppose Jones was *very* anxious to get to Heaven and should make his milk wagon into a car of Juggernaut and force his children, and his aunt and his mother-in-law to lie down under it, while he drove over them and scrunched up their bones and made them howl; we should consider it our business to take the clothes-line and tie Jones to the pump until he had time to reflect and cool off and embrace Christianity again. Hindoo piety don't suit this country. It has too much poetry and enthusiasm, and earnestness, and alligator and things in it. When we want any better religion than our own, we will engage somebody to construct one with the crocodile element left out.

Lucy.—"Mamma, Charlie says he would like to be a clergyman!"
Mamma.—"Tell me, dear, why you would like to be a clergyman?"
Charlie.—"Why, because then I could talk as much as I like in church!"

Peppering Arrapahoes.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

The summer sun was setting. A stiff breeze had come up, and the long prairie grass with its treasure of red cacti, sweet-brier, and "trim" larkspur, ebbed and flowed in the sun's gorgeous light an ever-changing sea of rich color.

The square outline of Rodney's Ranche was sharply outlined against the horizon. It was quite an elegant structure—for a district where a painted door and glazed windows are the ne plus ultra of elegance. It was built of cedar-logs hauled from a great distance. Within the large corral, or enclosure, that surrounded it, was a well-kept garden in which bloomed several highly-prized floral favorites brought from the North. This ranche was neither a private dwelling nor a public store. It is true that its occupants drove a thriving trade with the passing immigrants in everything from salt and sugar to paper-collars and goggles. The latter being articles of prime necessity in that glaring, dusty country.

The Rodneys were neither unrefined nor uneducated. They were Eastern people somewhat above the average. They had come to Nebraska, anticipating that everything would turn into hard cash beneath their touch. They were somewhat disappointed. At home they would have scoffed at the idea of keeping a small "notion" store; but necessity rather modified their notions, and they set up a ranche.

Bessie Langdon, Mrs. Rodney's sister, stood at the garden-gate, looking anxiously over the vast expanse of undulating prairie.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "Men are so stupid!"

Bessie was a pretty, brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked damsel, and the man must have been stupid indeed who could not appreciate her perfections. But the want of being appreciated was not the cause of her present trouble; it was quite the other way. She looked toward the east; she shaded her eyes and looked toward the west. No human figure was visible. Pedro, the huge mastiff, came frisking up to Bessie, in expectation of a game of romps. He was disappointed, however, for Bessie abruptly sat down on the door-step, bent her head over the dog's shaggy back, and began to cry.

"Men are so hateful!" she exclaimed.

Pedro looked up complacently and wagged his tail, as if congratulating himself on the fact that he was not a man.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Mrs. Rodney, coming to the door. A moment before Bessie had been all sunshine; now she was a modern edition of Niobe.

"Nothing," said Bessie, curtly.

"It's very foolish, my dear, to cry about nothing. Hadn't you better keep your tears until you have cause to shed them?"

Mrs. Rodney was half-a-dozen years older than her sister, and therefore, as Bessie phrased it, was always "doing the motherly."

"Well, it's Phil!"

"Don't talk so loud, Bessie. Adolphus is asleep."

Adolphus was the small and only heir of the house of Rodney, and as his remaining asleep was a consummation devoutly to be wished for, Bessie lowered her voice.

"It's Phil! He has gone over to Wagon Mound in a huff, just because I wouldn't refuse John Rall's invitation to go to that ball on the other side of the river."

"I am not surprised at that. You've lived here long enough to know that those parties, or fandangoes, or whatever they call them, are not respectable. Nobody goes but a set of painted Mexican women, and people that we wouldn't look at in the States."

"But John Rall only asked me in fun, knowing very well I wouldn't accept. I told Phil about it just to see what he'd say. He flared up, and said I shouldn't go. I told him I would if I chose, and then—and then we quarrelled, and he declared that he was going to Wagon Mound on business. So he started across the prairie."

And Bessie's tears flowed anew.

"Are you certain that he has gone?" asked Mrs. Rodney, anxiously, for her husband had started the previous day for the nearest fort, and if Phil Oxford had gone, the ranche was altogether without male protection. "Did you tell him that Mark was not here?"

"I forgot," said Bessie, penitently; "as soon as he came, I began to plague him about John Rall's invitation, and then we walked down to the canon. I never thought of telling him. Phil might have known that I wasn't in earnest; but men are so stupid!"

"I am sorry you were so thoughtless, Bessie. We're not in a very enviable position—alone here on the prairie. You know that when Mark left, he thought John Rall was going to stay with us. But Rall insisted this morning that he was required at his own ranche, and went away. I was waiting for Phil to come as usual this evening, so that I could ask him to stay. Dear me! I don't know what we're going to do!"

"And I am sure *I* don't," responded Bessie. "I wish Phil were not so stupid."

"And I wish you were not so foolish," responded Mrs. Rodney. "We may be murdered to-night. There's been a band of Arrapahoes roaming around the neighborhood lately, and I shouldn't wonder if they'd take a notion to attack us. A well-stocked ranche is a tempting object."

Adolphus uttered a yell that would have done credit to a young Indian, and Mrs. Rodney hastened into the interior of the ranche, while Bessie, her eyes growing round with apprehension, continued to gaze into the distance in the hope of descrying Phil Oxford's returning figure.

Phil Oxford had come West with the Rodneys, following rather the light of Bessie's eyes than the hope of improving his worldly condition. He was a true-hearted, serious-natured young man, utterly unable to comprehend that volatile damsel's coquettish vagaries. They had been engaged for several years, and within that time the wedding-day had been named at least a dozen times, but on each occasion, the pair had managed to quarrel. Phil had an establishment of his own on the other side of the Platte, and finding cattle-grazing much to his taste, he was waiting patiently until Bessie would consent to take him in earnest for better—or worse.

Bessie gazed long and earnestly over the prairie. Was that a human form in the distance? A wild horse or a buffalo? No, it was certainly a mounted man.

"Dear old Phil is coming back, after all," she thought, much relieved. "I'll never try his patience again! Who is that with him, I wonder."

But the figures on the horizon line were now three, and they were increasing in number. Bessie looked frightened. They seemed to be coming in a straight line toward the ranche. Bessie stood and watched them. She saw that they were Indians—friendly, perhaps; but precautions must be taken. She ran in to inform Mrs. Rodney of her discovery.

Mrs. Rodney turned pale, and almost shrieked in alarm. In ordinary affairs, she was alert, self possessed, and clear-headed; but before this anticipated danger, she sank utterly helpless. Had there been anybody stronger than herself near, it is also probable that Bessie would have succumbed, and become as useless as her sister. But there was no one on whom she could depend; everything, in fact, depended on her. Mrs. Rodney was tightly holding Adolphus in her arms in an agony of terror. Bessie quietly took the child away and laid him back in his cradle.

"We must barricade the windows," she said.

The door had been already bolted and locked. This door was capable of resisting a long siege. It was of cedar-wood, thickly studded with iron nails.

Exerting all her strength, and with the feeble assistance of Mrs. Rodney, she piled various barrels and boxes against the windows, leaving one or two loop holes, through which she intended to use one of her brother-in-law's rifles; for, now that she was aroused, she determined that the Indians should not have the game entirely in their own hands."

"Are they coming?" asked Mrs. Rodney, sitting down and hiding her face in her hands.

"Yes," returned Bessie, "they're just outside the corral. They're Arrapahoes, I think."

"We shall be all burned alive!" cried her sister. "Oh, why did we ever come to this horrid place?"

Bessie had neither time nor inclination to answer the last question. Her heart sank, but she bravely said:

"Don't be afraid of being burned alive. The Arrapahoes will never burn good sugar and whisky."

"Oh, that whisky!" cried Mrs. Rodney. "I've told Mark a dozen times that he'd be punished for keeping it. I do believe this is a judgment on us."

"Hush!" said Bessie, "you know it has been useful at times. Hah! they are beginning operations."

A shower of arrows came clattering against the house.

"I have loaded this rifle, Ann. Stop that loop-hole with its muzzle, and pull the trigger when I give the word."

"I can't!" groaned Mrs. Rodney.

"But you must!"

Mrs. Rodney grew very pale, and looked as if she were about to faint. Bessie was in despair; but she walked to her sister, and after shaking her energetically, placed the rifle in her hands, and led her to the loop-hole. Taking one of Mark's revolvers, she placed herself at the other loop-hole.

There was very little ammunition in the ranche. Mark kept his powder in a small cave near the house. The rifle was loaded, but there was nothing wherewith to charge it a second time; besides it contained powder only. Bessie was unable to find a cartridge or a bullet in the house. Her revolver was in somewhat better condition—it contained a charge of small shot—which, although it had been used with excellent effect on prairie-dogs and other small fry, was scarcely calculated to do much damage to the Arrapahoes.

The Indians had not as yet broken through the enclosure. The appearance of the house evidently warned them that they were expected. They seemed undecided what course to take. As far as Bessie could see, they appeared to be about eight in number.

"Pshaw!" said a voice that made Bessie start. "They are only two women. I tell you, Big Bear, they haven't two ounces of ammunition in the house."

Bessie looked earnestly at the speaker. To all appearance he was a redskin, but Bessie knew his features too well to be deceived. He was John Rall! Bessie had never liked the man, although in virtue of some neighborly offices, he had gained the favor of Mr. Rodney and his wife.

"Traitor!" thought Bessie. "Oh, I wish I had a single bullet!" Involuntarily she pressed her finger upon the trigger of her pistol. The Indians started, and drew farther back. The pretended Arrapahoe uttered an exclamation, and drew up his right hand. Bessie's charge of small shot had shattered it. She laughed exultingly, and was sorry for it the next moment.

Mark Rodney had been lately adding to his stock of provisions, and among other things had come two kegs of pepper. One of these kegs was in the ranche, the other keg had been left outside the door until the articles within could be more closely packed. Thinking of these kegs, Bessie wished earnestly that they contained powder.

"And then we could pepper them to some purpose," she said, smiling in spite of herself. "They have got within the corral! Fire!"

Unluckily for herself, Mrs. Rodney obeyed this command. She fired. The rifle recoiled and threw her prostrate upon the floor. Bessie felt relieved, finding that her sister was unhurt; this would put an end to her incessant lamentations for a time, at least.

The Indians were cautiously nearing the ranche in single file. In spite of John Rall's assurance, they seemed to hesitate about approaching the front of the house. Rall himself stood just within the corral. The Arrapahoes disappeared around a corner of the house. Bessie heard a noise beneath her. She now knew the cause of this manœuvre. The Indians were in the cellar!

The trap-door in the floor of the room was secured only by a thin bolt. In feverish haste Bessie dragged every article of furniture the room contained to this spot. The red-skin who could raise it would have a heavy lift.

Bessie returned to her loop-hole. John Rall stood in the same place, evidently on guard.

Her cheeks flushed, and a glad light came into her eyes. She saw something that made her heart beat faster. Coming over the prairie at full speed was Phil Oxford. There was no mistake this time. It was he! He was riding toward the ranche; but was he not riding to his doom? Bessie trembled. There was no way of warning him.

On he came. The Indians apparently did not make sufficient progress in raising the trap to suit Rall. He joined them in the cellar. Bessie immediately unfastened the door, and placed it slightly ajar. The trap was being slowly forced upward. It was raised about an inch. Bessie despairingly thought of the keg of pepper. The head had already been knocked out of it. She turned it upside down upon the trap. A great part of its contents fell through the opening between the floor and the trap. There was a chorus of sneezes below, and the trap suddenly fell. At this moment Phil Oxford entered. Bessie flew to him and explained how things were.

"They are below in the cellar?" he said, softly.

"Yes."

"Now is your time to escape. It is your only chance. My horse is without. Follow me, Bessie. Let me help you to mount Springer."

"And Mrs. Rodney? She has fainted."

Phil answered by carrying Mrs. Rodney into the open air. Bessie mounted Springer, and the fainting woman was placed before her. Phil spoke a sharp word to Springer, and the animal started at full speed toward the Platte.

"Springer knows the way," Phil said.

"Stop him, Phil! What will you do yourself?" cried Bessie, in agony. "Oh, Phil, you've forgotten the baby!" But Springer soon made the distance between them too great for more of her words to reach Phil.

The Indians had now raised the trap-door. If Phil wished to save himself there was not an instant to be lost. Forgetting all about the baby, he took to his heels, running toward the Platte. By this time Springer had reached the other bank of the river with his double burden. Phil plunged into the stream, and soon joined the two women on the bank. He found that Mrs. Rodney had recovered from her swoon.

"Where is the baby?" asked Bessie, as he appeared. "Oh, Phil, where's the baby?"

"Where—where is my child? Speak!" cried Mrs. Rodney, in quivering, anxious tones that went to Phil's heart.

"I forgot him," was all he could say.

Phil turned with the intention of going back and saving the baby or dying in the attempt, when two dripping objects came out of the river. They were Pedro the mastiff and Adolphus.

Pedro marched proudly up to Mrs. Rodney and dropped the crying Adolphus at her feet.

Phil, for once in his life, thought that the squalling of a baby was a pleasant sound.

The Arrapahoes, too intently engaged in the delightful occupation of absorbing the whisky at the ranche, to think of following our fugitives, allowed them to escape to the fort. Pedro became a hero, and on that same evening Phil and "the pepperer of the Arrapahoes," were duly married at the fort, with as much military pomp as Uncle Sam's soldiers could exhibit in honor of the occasion.

Answers to Correspondents.

Pay Your Postage.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

H. B. (Preacher's Mills, Tennessee,) asks: "1st. What was Stonewall Jackson's right name? 2d. What is proper to say when a young lady says she is happy to see you? 3d. Are —— swindlers or not? 4th. What does J. E. B. stand for in General Stuart's name? 5th. What do you think of my spelling and writing?" 1st. Thomas Jefferson Jackson. 2d. Simply thank her, and repeat the compliment to her if you feel inclined. 3d. We know nothing about them. 4th. His name is James E. B. Stuart. 5th. Your spelling is correct, your writing inferior.

Diable says: "As you seem to be Father Confessor to all suffering humanity, I feel privileged to come also and claim a 'surcease from sorrow.' I am the victim of most painful and disfiguring bunions. My foot would be very pretty but for mine affliction. Oh, dear, good Mr. Post, do tell me is there balm in Gilead, and from what source relief can be obtained?" We can only give you a remedy which is claimed to be efficacious, and hope that it may prove balm to your afflictions. The Post has never been afflicted with such impediments to free locomotion, so that it has no practical experience of cures for bunions. Apply a warm bran poultice to the part affected, for one or two hours, in order to soften the skin. Afterward apply a piece of lint, wet with extract of lead, the lint being moistened from time to time with the extract. In a few hours the inflammation will subside. The best way to keep it down is to wear large shoes.

Curiosity, (Woodstock, N. B.,) asks: "1st. Which is the best, to be born rich or handsome? 2d. Do you believe in love at first sight? 3d. Which do you think it best to be, an old man's darling, or a young man's slave? 4th. Do you believe in love powders? 5th. Are Jews ever known to eat pork? 6th. How many swallows does it take to make a summer? 7th. What would you give me if I would send you a thrilling romance entitled 'The Maniac's Last Vision?' 8th. I see a great many inquiries about wearing the engagement-ring. I would like to know how to get one to wear. 9th. What do you think of my handwriting for a bashful spinster of thirty?" 1st. To some, riches would be the greatest good; to others, beauty. The latter is but skin deep, but riches are often but pocket deep, and vanish more quickly than beauty. 2d. It is often strong while it lasts, but requires to be confirmed by admirable qualities in the person loved, to enable it to endure. 3d. We see no objection to being any one's darling, we do see an objection to being any one's slave. 4th. No. We believe a great deal of mischief is done by powder pretending to be such. 5th. Not so far as we know. 6th. Rather more than it takes to make a supper. 7th. We would probably think you entitled to a ticket to the Insane Asylum. 8th. Can you not induce some gentleman of your acquaintance to buy you one? 9th. We have known people of half your age to write twice as well.

C. A., (Franklin, Ky.,) asks: "What per cent. is my hand-writing? How is the answer obtained to Buried Cities in the Riddler column? Why were the questions I sent on a former occasion ignored by you?" About 30. You obtain the answers by combining consecutive letters in the questions into words, until you obtain the name of a city. We do not remember receiving questions from you formerly. They must have miscarried. We answer all proper questions.

Minnie, (Woodbury, N. J.,) writes: "I have been intending to write to you for some time, on a subject in which I am very much interested. It is about the Philadelphia examinations for teachers. Just think of girls going to school for eight, nine, and ten years, and yet not able to teach in a primary school, because they cannot tell how many barbarous tribes overran Rome, or the characters of some of the Grecian Kings, or how much a+b—c equals, or some other equally difficult problem. In preparing for these examinations one is expected to study ancient and modern history, local and physical geography, constitution, etymology, spelling, reading, writing, mensuration, algebra, arithmetic, grammar, parsing and punctuation. In the hardest of these branches you have two questions to answer, and sometimes but one. Three studies taken together, and five questions taken out of the whole, and this given as a test of the candidate's knowledge of the branches! Just think of a person's studying hard for years, and because she cannot remember an obscure date in history, to lose twenty marks, and perhaps by that loss of memory have to study six months longer. Do you think that is right? Do you not think it would be better to have a fair number of questions, so that a pupil may have a chance to show what she does know? All these branches are required to be known, and an average of sixty to be attained (with the exception of Algebra and Mensuration,) before a girl is considered fit to teach in a primary school. Yet if she should pass even with an average of ninety, it would be no sign that she could teach. All the knowledge in the world will not keep a school in order, if one has not the art of disciplining. I was in Philadelphia a few weeks ago, and saw some of the girls who had been examined. How I pitied them—for I saw by their looks that their hard days' labor had been a failure. I knew just how they felt, for I went through the same ordeal three times. If any of them were at all timid, they met with very little sympathy in the faces of their judges, for such they seemed to those frightened girls. If those men would only give a few cheerful words it would greatly help to revive the memories which are to be so deeply tried by conundrums and puzzles, for that is about all some of the questions amount to. It seems to me a trial as to whom nature has given the best memory, and not who has the most knowledge. The examiners are all men, the examinees mostly girls; now don't you think they ought to be equally men and women?—for I do? I want you to please find out some of the questions, and tell me what you think of them. I set quite a value upon your good judgment and common sense. I have plenty more to say upon the subject, but have not time to write it, so will defer it till I hear from you." A happy age that will be when all wrongs are made public—a happier age when all wrongs are redressed. Our correspondent has presented the above case in so strong a light that we need simply present her letter to the public for its purpose to be achieved. We are perfectly well aware that our Philadelphia free schools are far from the perfection that some parties have claimed for them. The main defect in modern school systems depends on one fact, which Minnie has plainly pointed out, namely: that the greatest stress is laid on the verbatim recollection of lessons, while scarcely any attention is paid to the inculcation of principles and the formation of habits of thought. In many of our schools, if scholars can give their lessons word for word from the book, it is considered a very creditable achievement. But if, by giving them correctly in their own words, they show a knowledge of what the lesson really means, it is viewed as an utter failure. We must reform all that before we boast too much of our free-school system. As at present constituted, it is an excellent institution for hardening the minds of the pupils with memory gems, but very ill adapted to teach them to think. As for the examinations, it does seem that in a school district where nine-tenths of the teachers are women, the female sex should have some share in the selection of their future associates, though we doubt that female teachers would be any kinder than males. And it is certainly an insufficient test of the knowledge of a candidate to cover the whole domain of ancient and modern history and the American constitution with five questions, and these, as Minnie says, often more like conundrums than questions. We profess to have some little knowledge of history. Yet, if asked a single question each in ancient, modern European, and American history, and these questions made as puzzling as possible, we fear we should get a cipher as our average. It seems to us that at least ten questions in each separate branch would be a much better test of the information of the candidates. A single question may be guessed by a simple chance, or missed by the same chance, but with ten questions the real knowledge of the candidate would be much more likely to be brought out. We have seen on several occasions the questions asked in these examinations, and quite agree with our correspondent that, while often easy, they are oftener made ludicously difficult and puzzling, much more so than seems called for. A sympathetic and kindly manner in the examiners would not be amiss, as she justly observes. We do not doubt that many shrinking girls have their memories utterly paralyzed by fright in these sternly conducted examinations.

Charlie, (Brick Church, N. C.,) asks: "1st. What is the price of the book called Secrets of The Convent, published by the National Publishing Co.? 2d. How far is West Point from New York, and what duties do the cadets perform? 3d. Is there anything that will stop excessive perspiration, as I am very much annoyed by it? 4th. What paper in the United States has the largest circulation? 5th. How many Presbyterian churches are there in Philadelphia? 6th. What per cent. in my writing? Do you think with proper care that I would make a good scribe?" 1st. We do not know. 2d. Fifty-two miles. The cadets are given a general education, and also instructed in the special duties pertaining to the military profession. 3d. You had better apply to a physician. 4th. At least a dozen—to believe their own statements. 5th. 91. 6th. About 25. We do not know what care might accomplish, but your hand is not promising.

T. B. S. (Clarksville, Md.,) The correct names of the story and writer are as we give them.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 98 letters.

My 72, 57, 10, 61, 30, 23, 79, 63, 52, 68, 71, 16, was one of the fifty daughters of Danaus.

My 32, 51, 7, 46, 65, 98, were the priestesses of Bacchus.

My 1, 95, 54, 75, 56, 31, 26, is the goddess of thieves.

My 67, 4, 42, 73, 98, 80, 78, 29, 18, is the god of mirth and smiles.

My 9, 90, 70, 82, 71, 13, 40, was one of the commanders of the Greeks at the siege of Troy.

My 14, 45, 88, 73, 50, 11, 24, 52, were the sons of Titian and Tellus.

My 53, 3, 16, 27, 87, 55, was the daughter of Mars.

My 34, 10, 48, 36, 41, 75, 62, 39, 78, was a priestess of Diana.

My 6, 56, 80, 43, 37, was an attendant of Diana.

My 33, 26, 91, 19, was the daughter of Belus, King of Tyre.

My 26, 92, 59, 10, 35, 89, 69, 75, 60, 29, 40, was the son of Achilles.

My 28, 67, 49, 69, 24, 71, was one of the seven wise men of Greece.

My 66, 78, 84, 15, 34, were the Priests of Cybele.

My 17, 21, 32, 93, 63, 2, 30, a Grecian who had as loud a voice as fifty men together.

My 20, 22, 97, 75, 17, a goddess whom the ancients honored.

My 51, 4, 56, 58, 80, 98, 9, 16, is the tutelar god of hounds.

My 85, 92, 82, 5, 29, 40, is the name of divers Romans.

My 95, 98, 8, 4, 40, is not straight.

My whole is a quotation from a celebrated poet.

FLORENCE.

ANAGRAMS.

NOTED BATTLE-FIELDS.

1. T. spilt grub and gin.
2. Wens on Lear.
3. He nimble.
4. Or a towel.
5. On, Bay!
6. Ale-pot, Boss.
7. Both rows.
8. Mainetta.
9. Brunull.
10. Race.

GAHMEW.

Fort Totten, D. T.

BURIED TOWNS IN VERMONT.

1. Did you speak with Dunbar, Nettie.
2. He gave me a peach, a melon, and an orange.
3. Wilbur kept me after school.
4. He keeps a grocery store under Byron's house.

E. E. WOODS.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA.—

"All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb and weep."

HIDDEN FLOWERS.—1. Nightshade. 2. Verbena. 3. Thyme. 4. Osier. 5. Peony. 6. Wall. 7. Sage. 8. Pink. 9. Iris. 10. Rue.

WORD SQUARE—

C O P E
O B E D
P E N D
E D D Y